

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



The Aleppo Gate of the medieval city of Harran, beneath which the Assyrian city is buried (see page 669)

In this number:

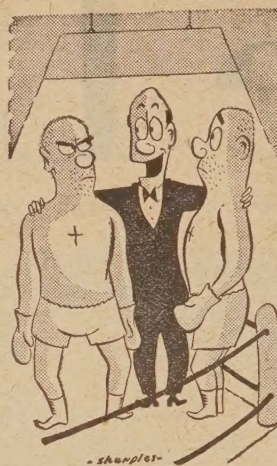
- A Tribute to Sir Stafford Cripps (Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, O.M.)**
- The Demonic Genius of Leonardo da Vinci (Sir Kenneth Clark)**
- Homes for the People (A. G. Sheppard-Fidler)**

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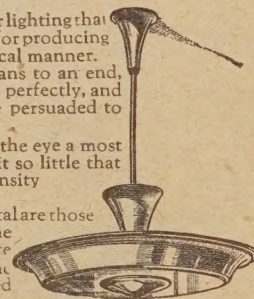
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The Germans as Europeans

By TERENCE PRITTIE

LAST September a 'European Congress' met in Hamburg and gave Germans a badly needed reminder that they were not being deliberately excluded from the western world's sympathies and interests. Apart from striking this note of encouragement the Congress, as is the way on such occasions, passed a series of resolutions. Europe, it declared, included countries on the far side of the Iron Curtain. European unity should be achieved by peaceful means, and a European community—of spirit as well as of fact—created. Twin signposts to the development of this 'European idea' should be the ideal of partnership and the material means towards association such as the Schuman Plan, the so-called Green Plan for agricultural union, and a European defence agreement. Germany should take her place in the European community as a free and equal partner.

The Congress, indeed, did much to clarify the 'European idea' to German minds. It set a goal and plotted the path towards this goal. It pleased the Germans who took part. One of them, the newspaper columnist Ernst Friedlaender, told the Congress that German imperialism and German militarism were stone-dead, that, of German nationalism, there survived only an insignificant remnant among the wild men of the neo-Nazi parties. There was no longer such a thing as the 'German danger'. A stable, progressive Germany would embrace the 'European idea' in the knowledge that it would bring the end of military occupation and would replace this anomalous and unhappy state of affairs with the spirit of partnership and reality of friendship with the western nations.

Congresses always end up with some sort of applause, whether rhythmic or ragged. What did the Germans think of this one? The Hamburg paper, *Die Welt*, wrote that the Congress showed that 'all ill-will and resentment arising out of the war should be banished'. Other commentators spoke, with more poetic than practical sense,

of 'dismantling all national distrusts'. But a few weeks ago the Lord Mayor of Hamburg, Herr Brauer, sounded a somewhat different note. He said that the deeds of Hitler's Germany should never be pardoned or condoned by some vague general act of amnesty. This would only increase distrust of Germany today. The moral, in fact, was one which has been put forward in the past by plenty of allied spokesmen: that Germany will be accepted as a full partner in the western community only when she has proved her ability to undo the past and understand the idea of partnership. For most Germans this idea is necessarily something strikingly new.

Can the Germans be genuine partners in the European community? One way, possibly, of finding this out is by asking them on what material as well as moral grounds such partnership should be based. Germans whose opinions I have asked agree that they cannot really feel themselves to be members of the western community until four separate assurances are given them. In inverse order of importance these are that the future of the Saar will be 'fairly' settled, that the Western Powers will define their attitude on the question of the Oder-Neisse line, that the west will grant the Federal Republic the fullest possible measure of sovereignty, and will take steps to promote German reunification. It may be argued that these particular problems are more or less unintelligible to the man-in-the-street in Germany. If this is true it need not stop them from being used to fan popular emotion and influence public opinion. The thinking capacity of 48,000,000 inhabitants of the Federal Republic is still largely controlled by the handful of men who run its newspapers and carry on its parliamentary business. 'Do not', one German told me, 'expect the birth in this German generation of the sort of individualistic democracy which exists in Britain'. The average German still finds it harder to work out ideas for himself than to be told what to think.

The Saar problem is a rankling sore, and German readiness to accept a compromise solution of it seems to diminish with time. The present terms suggested by M. Schuman—freedom of action for political parties in the Saar, the prolongation of the present Saar-French economic union, the centring of the Schuman Plan organisation on Saarbrücken and the free decision of the Saarlanders on their own political future—will not be acceptable to the majority of Germans. 'Why should a part of Germany be given the chance of voting itself out of Germany?' one newspaper editor asked me. 'The Saar has only two alternatives—either to become part of a German *Land*, or to become a separate *Land* in the Federal German Republic. Nothing else represents a solution'. Another German said to me, 'Why, in Heaven's name, should we be asked to sacrifice the Saar? Hasn't enough been screwed out of us already?' Dr. Adenauer and his Christian Democrat Party stand almost alone in their readiness to compromise over the Saar in the interests of Europe.

A Hindrance to Good Relations

The Oder-Neisse line may become an even greater hindrance to the development of good relations between Germany and the western world. The west-German press has lately revived the old theory that the Russians may at any moment offer Germany back parts of her lost eastern territories. Such an offer could pave the way to a second Treaty of Rapallo. The west, therefore, should define its policy on the Oder-Neisse line in advance—a thing which has not so far been attempted. What should this policy be? The German answer is that the Potsdam Agreement fixed Germany's frontiers as being those of 1937. The Western Powers should therefore announce that they will negotiate on this basis. This does not necessarily mean that Germany would regain Königsberg and Danzig, but it might mean at least the return of Pomerania and Silesia.

Third in the chain of German demands is that for the sovereignty of the Federal Republic. This sovereignty is due to be announced in May, but will it be real? The average German can understand that the Western Powers must retain special rights in Berlin, for Berlin's own sake and protection. He can understand that they must negotiate with Soviet Russia on questions affecting the whole of Germany. But why should German war-criminals still be locked up in allied-administered prisons? Why must allied bomber aircraft use a German sandbank as their target for practice? Why should the Western Powers retain some general right of intervention in German affairs? Why should the Federal Republic not be allowed to produce its own arms for European defence? And why should the German state have to pay some of the costs of allied troops, as well as all of its own? These questions may sound academic, but they can easily be converted into national grievances which will reduce the Europeanism and increase the Germanism of the individual's outlook.

Finally, there is the question of German unity. 'We must', I was told recently, 'have far more efforts by the Western Powers to secure German reunification. They must be carefully planned efforts which will be sustained and unsparring. The "European idea" means little to us if we have to sacrifice 20,000,000 Germans on the other side of the Iron Curtain'. The Germans were not impressed by the recent visit of the United Nations Commission to investigate conditions with a view to holding all-German elections in the near future. To them this merely looked like another piece of shadow-boxing in the Cold War. The Russian proposals for a German peace treaty and German reunification have begun to have their inevitable propaganda effect. Why have these proposals been turned down? asked a Düsseldorf newspaper. Because France is still terrified of the prospect of a reunited country of 70,000,000 vigorous, vital Germans. The suggestion has even been aired that the Russian proposals were deliberately 'sabotaged' by the western counter-claim that a united Germany must have the right to affiliate itself with the Atlantic defence system. The west must be prepared to talk to the Russians, writes an independent Lübeck paper: 'Even a European Panmunjon is preferable to a total absence of any point of contact'. There is no possibility of this issue of German unity lying dormant for a single day. It is an issue which stirs the sentiment of every German, and sentiment can dictate a German's action. The German—and he can hardly be blamed for this—will not become a good European until he is sure that his neighbours and friends-of-today are backing his efforts to reunify his country, and taking considerable chances for his sake.

Germany, in fact, is ready to be a partner in the western community on these obvious, material conditions. Germans, moreover,

believe that they are indispensable. Such a man as Fritz Berg, head of the German Federation of Industry, told me: 'The Germans are in Europe, belong to Europe and need Europe. But Europe needs them, and America needs Europe. Tell that to your friends in Britain and America'. Hard-headed business men see this as a mathematical equation, but the man in the street has quite another view. He has, for generations, wanted desperately to be appreciated, admired—yes, even loved—by people of other nations. And he has always been disappointed. The result has been a 'pariah-complex' which is as strong today as ever before. If he goes into a European army it is with the horrid suspicion that he will be given the role of Uriah the Hittite to play, if he joins the Schuman Plan it is with the unspoken dread that he will always be outvoted in its Higher Authority and that the resources of the Ruhr will be used to make other nations richer and more prosperous than Germany. He cannot understand that other nations continue to assess him on the basis of past experiences. Why was it, wrote ex-Admiral Assmann furiously, that in 1940 the Norwegians treated the Germans as brutal invaders and the British as kind deliverers? Why should the Germans always be unwelcome? It was grossly unfair. The thought that Germany had not respected the rights of small nations in the past seemingly never occurred to the Admiral.

Subconsciously, the Germans have immured themselves in a private, Teutonic ghetto, of their own creating for the past eighty years. A writer like Count Kurt Bluecher traces this back to Bismarck who, he says, made his followers into puppets, robbed his opponents of their prestige, and warped the capacity of the individual German to reason for himself. Bismarck created the worship of genius and the clap-trap of the German knight in shining armour who stood ready for his Emperor's orders. The age of clap-trap still goes on, although the knight in armour has been replaced by the more whimsical but equally unreal picture of the shy, inoffensive little German 'Michel'. The British proposal to use a deserted sandbank off the German coast as a bombing-practice target was denounced a fortnight ago by German parliamentarians as 'an affront to civilisation' and 'a death-blow to the European idea'. Yet these people knew that over forty such targets are used off the coasts of Britain and that this single sandbank was to be the only German contribution towards keeping the air-forces of the west in a state of preparedness. The press service of the Federation of Industry wrote recently that 'the first chains of the victor ideology have been struck asunder'. 'Victor ideology'? Has such a thing ever existed? Or were the Western Powers trying to do two quite understandable things—destroy the old German militarist nationalism and bolster up the German economy? The old catchwords, like the old march-tunes, still hypnotise and inspire. '*Ehrung der Soldaten*', '*Deutsches Vaterland*', '*Preussische Tugend*', '*Gesundes Deutschtum*'—each of these still sounds in German ears like a roll of drums, banishing all coherent thought.

Misrepresentations of History

Mistiness of mind still leads Germans into strange assertions and misrepresentations of history. The Federal Foreign Secretary, Professor Hallstein, who is manifestly a man of peace, recently told an American audience that the German aim was to unify Europe 'up to the Urals'. Had he even considered the Russian reaction? The Deputy Speaker of Parliament, Dr. Schaefer, has just accused Denmark of 'financing a fifth column' in Schleswig for the sake of territorial ambitions. Germany and Denmark are, officially, on the best of terms and it is likely that Dr. Schaefer has not even thought of the concern which he has caused thousands of Danes. A middle-of-the-road newspaper like the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* writes: 'The foreign policy of William II had only peaceful objectives'. And Herr Friedlaender, speaking at the European Congress at Hamburg, explained that a peace-loving German Empire was inveigled into the first world war by the overweening ambition of Austria. Wild assertions are made in every country in the world, but in Germany they are believed religiously.

A year ago the British High Commissioner, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, told a Hamburg audience that he had found to his regret that the German people still had no idea of what partnership with other nations implied. 'A man from Mars reading a German newspaper', he said, 'would get the impression that the German people wanted to pick a bone on every issue with both Russia and the Western Powers and that there was no desire to establish particularly friendly relations with anyone'. The state of mind which he described then can certainly alter

(continued on page 679)



Panorama of Trieste

The Tempestuous Story of Trieste

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. special correspondent

EVERY now and again a violent and bitterly cold wind sweeps out of the hills to the north of Trieste and rages through the city for days on end. In Italian it is called the *bora*. It is strong enough to break windows and to knock people off their feet; sometimes the police put up ropes which you can grab if the *bora* catches you off guard at an especially windy corner. It is a nerve-racking visitor, to which the people of Trieste have become accustomed rather than reconciled. A citizen will tell you that the *bora* is caused by rapid changes in the atmospheric pressures of the region. Then, with the apologetic smile of one repeating an old joke, he will add: 'You see, here in Trieste we know all about pressures'.

Few cities in the world have changed hands as often as Trieste. At least twelve peoples have sought to have it for their own since, in 178 B.C., the Romans removed the Celts from what was then a fishing village. From then onwards Trieste became a major prize in the almost constant struggle between rival interests in the region. The Slovenes, whose ancestors made their first appearance as invaders towards the end of the sixth century, never left a lasting mark on the city itself, but as time went by they settled down and farmed on the rocky, rather barren land outside the city, and today they form an important minority in what is called the Free Territory of Trieste.

Of the total population of some 380,000, one person in every four is a Slovene. Italians and Slovenes are so intermingled in the Free Territory that it is almost impossible to draw a line separating clearly the various communities in which Slovene is spoken from those in which Italian is spoken. In some villages the people speak both, and there has, of course, been much inter-marriage. The territory itself stretches for eighty-seven miles along the west coast of the Istrian Peninsula, thus facing towards Venice. At places it is only a mile or two wide. Behind it is Yugoslavia.

The actual city of Trieste is only a part of the territory, but most of the total population live in it. When you walk about the city you can see from the appearance of the people, their way of life and the buildings they live in that the greatest influences in their past have been those of Austria and Venice. Venice, once a great republic in its own right, brought the Italian way of life to Trieste, but took away almost as much as it gave by strangling the commerce of the port, a serious rival to that of Venice itself. The Austrians, who succeeded the Venetians as masters of the city, restored its prosperity by making it the port of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The reign of the Empress Maria Theresa marked the beginning of a golden age for Trieste, and the religious freedom which she granted attracted Greek and Jewish merchants. A whole quarter of the city was rebuilt and named after

her. With only two short breaks, to make way for another occupant—the forces of Napoleon Bonaparte this time—Austria remained in control of Trieste until the end of the first world war. By then, the city had established itself as a great shipping and insurance centre, and companies had set up offices as elegant as they are solid.

In the last half of the nineteenth century, the amount of trade handled by the port was doubled, due, in part, to the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, but meanwhile, to the south and to the west, the movement for a united Italy was growing in strength. For Italians Trieste was essentially a city of Italian complexion. They believed that its Venetian and, to a lesser extent, Roman traditions had by and large proved stronger than the influence of Vienna, despite the prosperity brought by Austria to the city. The *Italianita* of Trieste was invoked more and more frequently. *Italianita* is a word that does not go easily into English—'Italian-ness' or 'Italianity' are perhaps as near as one can get to the real meaning, which conveys not so much an attitude of mind as an attitude of heart. To this day, whenever Italians discuss Trieste, they speak of *Italianita*, and they speak the word with deep emotion.

On a foggy morning in early November, 1918, after a period which one local historian describes as, 'three days of pacing up and down waiting for the Italian Fleet', Italian forces did actually land on a little jetty in the harbour that many citizens are pleased and proud to show you. Under the peace treaty Italy was given sovereignty over Trieste, and, in a united Italy, freed of the shackles with which Venice once bound its trade, Trieste was able to remain a prosperous city. It was no longer the only major port of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but it was at least one of the largest ports in Italy, and during this period between the wars its shipbuilding industry was able to make up in good measure for the loss of monopoly in trade. Ships built in Trieste, in nearby Monfalcone, sailed and still sail on every ocean in the world, but just a few miles from the port, one of the greatest of all, the 51,000-ton luxury liner *Rex*, now lies helpless where it was bombed and sunk by the Allies. Since the end of the second world war, the port has been kept busy handling dollar-aid cargoes for Austria, and the shipyards have taken orders from Italian companies for a number of merchant vessels, one of them of 25,000 tons. Although there is an air of busyness and prosperity about the city now, it is not certain that this could be maintained without encouragement and financial help from the Allied Military Government, or without the integration of the city's economy into that of some larger political unit than the Free Territory.

The question of what is to be done with the Free Territory is one

that concerns other countries besides Italy; and even the Italians themselves are not altogether agreed on the matter. A comparatively small group, calling themselves 'Independents', would like to see an independent Free Territory of Trieste under a neutral governor to be appointed by the United Nations. This was the solution originally foreseen in the Italian Peace Treaty, which also laid down the frontiers of the territory, but it has never been put into effect because the Security Council of the United Nations could not agree on the selection of a governor. The large majority of the Italian people—if their views are correctly represented by their press—desire that the whole of the present Free Territory be returned to Italy, and that in all matters it should be governed from Rome. Today it is not the Italians who rule Trieste but the United Kingdom, the United States, and Yugoslavia. The United Kingdom and the United States authorities are responsible for what is called 'Zone A' in the north, while the Yugoslavs control Zone B in the south. The city of Trieste itself is in Zone A, and almost everybody there speaks Italian. It is a city whose very appearance reflects the many influences which have played upon it in the past and which play upon it still, not only because of the buildings, for here the styles of Rome, Venice and Vienna exist side by side, but also because of abrupt changes from the narrow alleys, strung across with lines of washing, to the open squares flanked by cafes and the busy modern streets through which trams hurtle faster than cars until the police hold them up to allow pedestrians to cross.

The policemen of Trieste are a phenomenon, and until the end of the war the streets of the city, which have seen a very great deal in the last 2,000 years, had never seen anything like them before. They are Italians, but they look very like British policemen; they wear the same uniforms, have the same ranks, the same organisation, the same training; and disorderly characters when taken in charge often react in the established way by knocking off their helmets. The experiment of setting up a police force on British lines was decided on when the United Kingdom and the United States authorities took over administration of Zone A, and it has been continued ever since. The people of Trieste are used to the dark blue uniforms now; and indeed, after being in the city a short while, it comes as something of a surprise to see an occasional Italian uniform here and there among them; for example, the customs officials at the port. It was these British-trained and, incidentally, British-officered police, who were involved in incidents last month in one of the main squares of the city—the Piazza dell'Unità. In a demonstration there on March 20, and in others two days later a number of people were injured when police intervened. The original demonstration was in favour of the return of the whole of the Free Territory to Italy, and the disturbance two days later was to protest against the way the police had handled the crowd.

The demonstrators picked the date March 20 because it was on that day four years ago that the Governments of the United States, the United Kingdom, and France issued a statement about the Free Territory. In it they said they had decided to recommend to the Security Council of the United Nations the return of the whole of the territory

to Italy. They said they had arrived at this decision because, among other reasons, discussions in the Security Council had shown that it was impossible to agree on the selection of a governor, as called for in the Peace Treaty. Many Italians, and a great part of the press that they read, have taken this recommendation as a promise, although the Western Powers have also made clear that any final solution of the problem should be acceptable to both Italy and Yugoslavia, which governs Zone B. The immediate result of the incidents of last month, however, affected not so much Zone B as Zone A, where the United Kingdom officials, and in particular those who control the police, were severely criticised in the press. Soon afterwards talks began in London about how Italy can be given a greater say in the administration of the joint United Kingdom and United States Zone.

The Yugoslav Zone of the Free Territory is larger than Zone A, but it has far fewer people in it. Capodistria, the main town, is scarcely more than a large village. And in its streets oxen and mules confront you unexpectedly and disconcertingly at corners, while chickens scurry between your feet. It is none the less a place of much beauty, where houses built in the Venetian style hang above the encircling water, and where seagulls come down to pick up scraps in the main street. The Yugoslav Military Government has its headquarters in Capodistria, and I spoke with some of the officials there. In discussing the Trieste problem as a whole their main point was that it must be solved to the satisfaction of both Italy and Yugoslavia. In the streets of the town, where I walked for an hour or two, I noticed that all the slogans painted on the walls were in sympathy with Marshal Tito, and I was told that no purely pro-Italian party has an office there. However, there is a local headquarters of the Independentist Party, the one that would like to see a quite independent Free Territory of Trieste permanently established in accordance with the provisions of the Peace Treaty.

In all the present discussions about the future of Trieste, one small voice has been nearly swamped. It is the voice of the Nostalgici—the Nostalgics, as they are called in a not unfriendly manner. The Nostalgics want Trieste to be returned to Austria, so that each can, or so it is hoped, contribute to the prosperity of the other, as they did in the golden days. The Nostalgics are not a powerful group; most of them are elderly people who remember the old days with pleasure and yet try to mingle economic reason with their personal inclinations. Italians and Slovenes tend to smile at them, but the Nostalgics continue to argue their case with a moderation unusual in this corner of the Adriatic.

Looking back over the pages of Trieste history, it is perhaps not far-fetched to discern in them here and there, and not infrequently at that, a political analogy with the tempestuous gusts of the *bora* that rushes on to the city from the hills whenever the atmospheric pressures encourage it to do so. The *bora* is as much a part of the region as the problems over which it passes on its way out to sea. It is as old as time. The present problem which faces Trieste is not the first in the city's history, and the statesmen who handle it will have achieved what has never been achieved before if it turns out to be the last.

—General Overseas Service

Morocco and the Tradition of Lyautey

By MAURICE EDELMAN

I WAS in Fez when the Tunisian riots began. 'Any repercussions in Morocco?' I asked a French Officer of Native Affairs. 'No', he answered, 'not yet'. Those words 'not yet' give the mood and feeling of Morocco today. Anything may happen. And although from where we were standing on a terrace overlooking the white Medina, the native quarter, everything looked serene and quiet, we both knew that under the surface there was a simmer and bubble of Arab nationalism which might at any moment come to the boil.

I went to Morocco to try to find out something about the background to the disputes between the Moroccan nationalists and the French, which are now being brought before the United Nations. I had been to Morocco before. I had, in fact, passed through Rabat, the administrative capital, in 1944, on my way home from Algeria. It was late spring, and the city was hot and glowing with sunlight and mauve and purple bougainvillea. We went to the parade ground outside the

Sultan's palace, to see him make his ceremonial procession to prayers. There he rode under a green umbrella, with his Imperial Guard of Negro troops riding ahead of him, and with a mounted band blowing a march on their brass. From the parapets of the palace came the strange wailing cries of the Arab women, the ululation that you hear in North Africa at funerals and weddings. The Sultan advanced through his subjects, who prostrated themselves in their white robes, while every now and again some Caid—or country chief—would throw himself forward to kiss the Sultan's stirrup.

That was the romantic picture that I retained in my mind till my recent visit. This time, I had an audience with the Sultan in his palace. But somehow or other, the scene had become more modern, more down-to-earth. I arrived with the French Resident General, General Guillaume, at the palace, and we were both immediately ushered in by a Vizier, a gentleman of great age, who spoke perfect French. The

Sultan himself speaks excellent French, but the formalities required that he should speak to us in Arabic while the Vizier translated. This was a double courtesy as far as General Guillaume was concerned, because the General, who fought in Morocco for years under Marshal Lyautey, speaks perfect Arabic. The Sultan, a slender, middle-aged man, who almost always wears blue glasses, asked me a few of the conventional questions about my impressions of Morocco. I told him how struck I was by the speed of physical development, the rate of building, and so on. 'Even since I was here last', I said, 'Morocco seems to have made great progress'.

'Yes', he answered, tapping with his slippered foot on the floor—it reminded me greatly of Mr. Speaker's tapping fingers when M.P.s are making over-long speeches. 'Yes', he said. 'But some of us think that progress is slow'. What he meant was veiled but clear. It is well known that he has the most friendly associations with the Istiqlal or Independence Movement—many of whose leaders have either taken flight or are in gaol because of their extremist activities. He meant, 'Let's have independence. The reforms can look after themselves'. The Resident General, whose views are also well known—'Reforms first, independence later'—said nothing. I said to the Sultan something about evolution being an organic process having to take its own time. But the Sultan's foot began to tap rather faster, so I made a ceremonial withdrawal—three bows backwards—and left.

A Restless Situation

The Moroccan situation has always been restless. But the relations of the French and Moroccans have a restlessness all of their own. In 1912, the Sultan of the day signed a treaty with France—the Treaty of Fez—which set up the French Protectorate. It marked a stage in a long struggle by France to secure control of Morocco. As far as the Sultan was concerned, he was not unwilling to have France's help against the turbulent and powerful tribes in his Empire. As far as the French were concerned, they wanted to modernise the Moroccan administration, and exploit—I am not using the word unfavourably—the country's resources. They regarded their presence as being part of France's civilising mission.

No one disputes that Morocco used to be an unhealthy, insecure and corrupt country. The French, under Marshal Lyautey, pacified it, although the Berbers in the mountains were still fighting them as late as 1932. What Marshal Lyautey set out to do was to win the friendship and confidence of the Sultan, the Pashas (the town chiefs) and the Caids (the country chiefs) by putting at their side French administrators, ranging from the Resident General in Rabat to the humble district administrators, the Civil Controllers and the *Officiers d'Affaires Indigènes*. For nearly forty years, the Lyautey system worked well. The Civil Controllers and the Officers of Native Affairs are, with few exceptions, devoted men with a sense of mission. They advise on law; they irrigate; they inspect the drains; they set up country and technical schools; and by their guidance to the Pashas and Caids they carry out the best intentions of the Protectorate. It is much safer today to go for a hike in the Atlas Mountains than to go for a walk after twelve in Marseilles. This is almost entirely due to the work of a handful of local administrators.

Water—the Chief Problem

One of these officers I remember in particular. He drove me across a waterless, stony plain to Bin-el-Ouidane. 'Water', he said, 'is our chief problem'. And as we drove round one of the serpentine turnings on the mountain road, he added, 'And that's what we're doing about it'. Towering in front of us was one of the biggest hydro-electric dams in the world—one that will provide water and electricity for over 1,000 square miles of arid, malarial plain. Financed by French and Marshall Aid funds, with French engineers and Berber workers, it looks what it is—a great achievement of international co-operation. The Civil Controller was proud of that dam. 'We'll make the plain into a New California', he said. I found it easy to share his enthusiasm. Ancient Morocco really has the enthusiasm and vitality of a new country.

No one can doubt the great material progress that Morocco has made under the French Protectorate. In a place like Casablanca, for example, it hits you right in the eye. Forty years ago Casablanca was a fishing creek. Today, it is a tremendous modern port—able, as I saw, to take an aircraft-carrier—with a great modern city behind it. But the contrasts of living conditions in Casablanca point some of the difficulties and problems of the French administration. You see there a European city with glittering white villas and blocks of flats, skyscraper offices,

magnificent municipal buildings. But then, if you go to the outskirts, you see the *bidonvilles*, the shanty towns, built of old tin cans—almost waterless, without sanitation. 'There you are', said a Moroccan nationalist to me. 'You see how the French let the Moroccans live!' But that is only half the story. The housing problem in Morocco is the counterpart of the country's industrial progress. As the coastal towns boom—Casablanca, Agadir, Safi, Mogador—so the peasant drops his wooden plough and makes for the factories and the higher wages of the cities. Here he finds that the old *medina*, the native quarter, is already full. So he squats on the outskirts in the shanty town, and waits for a house. When he has waited a good time, the *bidonville* tends to catch fire. This usually speeds up the local authority to an added awareness of the problem.

The vast movement of population from the country to the town has an important political and social, as well as an economic, effect. In the countryside, the Moroccan, whether Arab or Berber, lives under the feudal, tribal rule of the Caid—with, of course, the French civil controller at the Caid's side. But when he comes to town, the tribal ties are broken. The Pasha—that is to say, the chief in the towns—has not the same blood-link with the new immigrant. When the family tie is broken, the Moroccan in the city turns to new forms of association with his fellows. And he finds it in nationalism. Nationalism in Morocco is above all a town movement. And it is led by a handful of men—French-educated for the most part—who give a modern form to the general dislike of foreigners which is strong in North Africa. It is, in fact, striking that the French get on very much better with the Berbers—the original inhabitants of Morocco whom the Arabs drove into the mountains centuries ago—than with the Arabs. The reason is, I think, that the Berbers, who are chiefly mountain dwellers, still keep their tribal unity. France's once oldest enemy, the Berber Pasha of Marrakech, is today France's best friend. (He has, by the way, the distinction of being the only man in North Africa who has a private troupe of dancing girls as well as a private golf-course.) When, a couple of years ago, the Sultan lined himself up with the Istiqlal, the Nationalist Movement, the Pasha of Marrakech called out his horsemen, rode on Raiat and threatened to depose the Sultan if he did not disown the Istiqlal. The Sultan did so.

New Formula of Peaceful Coexistence?

That, indeed, is one of the grievances of the Moroccan Nationalists. They say the French are still carrying out the old imperial policy of 'Divide and Rule'. They say that the French deliberately encourage dissension between Arabs and Berbers. That may have been true of the past—although I doubt it, since when the French arrived there was constant conflict between Arabs and Berbers. But I certainly would not say that it is true today. But it is not only the extreme nationalists who are the trouble makers. There are many *colons*, the old colonials of Morocco, whose philosophy was summed up for me by one of their spokesmen. 'What we need in Morocco', he said, 'isn't more reforms. It's more troops'.

I venture—diffidently—to doubt it. There are a handful of Frenchmen—'les gangsters'—as the Resident General called them, who by their greed and lack of social conscience harm and besmirch the admirable work which the French Protectorate has done. But I believe that the disinterested tradition of Marshal Lyautey still flows strongly in Morocco. And I am sure that it will enable Moroccans and Frenchmen to work out a new formula of peaceful coexistence. I can, in fact, still hear the words of a Moroccan nationalist speaking of a young French civil controller. 'The trouble', he said, 'with that type of Frenchman is that they get themselves liked'.—*Home Service*

The Dordogne is a romantic river. The Lot is a magical river. The Tarn is a breath-taking river. Oh, happy Traveller, you have the choice of three'. Miss Freda White, in *Three Rivers of France* (Faber, 25s.), was writing when the travel allowance was greater than it is today. Those who have visited the region of France that is watered by these rivers can bear witness to the beauty of its scenery, to the wonderful interest of its decorated caves (including Lascaux), and to the excellence of its food and drink. To those who have not been there and to those who intend going there when conditions are easier, this book may be confidently recommended. The author is an observant traveller. Of all that belongs to the region—its history, its people, its architecture, its geological formations, its trees, its weather—she writes with easy learning and intelligence. And being a good journalist she is never dull. The book is well illustrated, it contains a map of the region as well as practical advice about hotels, and roads for both motorist and walker.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on Britain's pledge

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

'Twas Brillig

PROFESSOR KENDALL, in his talk on 'Science and Nonsense' which appears in our columns this week, cites the case of a scholar who once translated Jabberwocky into Latin, and adds that no schoolboy and very few adults would think it was funny in that language: 'It is too much like the real thing'. Here, one suspects, is a reason why many of our present-day humorists and nonsense writers find themselves baulked and frustrated. They turn out a bit of nonsense on some subject or other—the follies of officialdom perhaps, or the marvels of science, or the vagaries of international politics—and they find on opening their newspapers the next day that what they were trying to make fun of in a world of their own imagining has actually happened in the real and solemn world in which we live. Which is to say nothing new but that we live in a mad world. The Victorians were, as Professor Kendall points out, more fortunate in this respect. They lived in an age of self-confidence and self-sufficiency; and the language they had inherited was still firmly based and had not been given the rough handling it has since received. The result was that in soil of such rich and solid texture nonsense flourished and men were the happier for its flourishing.

Today? Well, there is no need to dwell on the very different atmosphere we live in. The kind of nonsense our soil produces has a habit of withering almost as soon as it sees the light, killed by the thought that perhaps it isn't nonsense after all. The schoolboy who a week or two back concocted some scientific gibberish in the guise of a secret formula—whatever view one may take of his exploit—perpetrated a prank that at least was in the spirit of the age. But as a piece of fooling it, also, was too much like the real thing to provoke more than a wry smile. It is significant that Professor Kendall expresses the hope that 'there is a future for good nonsense'. At present nonsense is, like other commodities, in short supply—or else it is so plentiful that there is hardly anything else to contrast it with and so by a process of unreasoning it ceases to be taken for nonsense at all and is accepted instead as just ordinary sense. When Samuel Foote, or whoever it was, wrote that 'she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie', he was writing conscious nonsense: but how does it read today? Perhaps we have not yet reached the point of making apple pies out of cabbage leaves, but we have come round to doing some pretty queer things with food—as readers of our recipes for the housewife may sometimes be tempted to feel. The converse seems to be that when our humorists want to write nonsense they will have to serve up thoughts that struck our ancestors as nothing but sound sense—so that they won't be too much like the real thing.

In his concluding sentence Professor Kendall suggests that only by studying the absurd can we hope to attain a complete understanding of sound thought. There are plenty of good things going on in the world today and the future (if we can discount the trough of low pressure that always seems to be hovering nearby) holds glorious possibilities. It may indeed be doubted if man's passion for investigating the material universe and uncovering nature's secrets, his eagerness for tampering with the works and 'knowing what should not be known', was ever greater than it is today. Yet when all is said, if it is the absurd we are in search of so that we may put it under the microscope and extract lessons from it, the world of today—such is the state of our wisdom—is full of fascinating specimens.

THE PLEDGE ANNOUNCED BY BRITAIN on April 16 that she would come to the aid of any member of the European Defence Community in the event of external attack was welcomed by a number of western commentators. From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Another powerful influence in the speedy formation of a European Defence Community as a framework for a European Army containing German units has been provided by the British agreement to a hard and fast alliance with all the six members of the proposed Community, including Germany. . . . The British agreement can also be regarded as an answer to the Soviet attempts to lure Germany away from the western camp through bogus promises of unification, rearmament and neutrality. . . . The conclusion of the contractual arrangements making Germany an equal partner with the west should now be assured.

From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as recalling that under previous treaties and declarations Britain was already pledged to come to the aid of her allies in western Europe, so that this guarantee was primarily psychological—serving to affirm the close ties which Britain felt for the nations contributing to the proposed European army.

From Switzerland, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* was quoted as describing the British declaration as a gesture of goodwill:

The main object of the British Government was to dispel French doubts about Britain's interest in the defence of Europe.

And from Sweden, the *Svenska Dagbladet* considered that the British guarantee should put an end once for all to accusations from the United States that Britain was standing aloof from Europe. From western Germany itself, a number of papers were quoted as welcoming the British decision. The Hamburg newspaper *Die Welt* stated:

Germany now becomes the ally of Great Britain. Thus, something becomes a reality which for decades has repeatedly been attempted but never accomplished—something which might have spared the continent two world wars.

The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* expressed the opinion that it would now be easier for France to accept the integration of western Germany into the European Community. The interpretation given by Moscow broadcasts to the British declaration was that it was a means of compelling France to agree to the inclusion of west-German armed forces in a European army, and had been 'devised under pressure from Washington'.

Meanwhile, broadcasts from Moscow, eastern Germany, and the other satellite countries gave much publicity to the Soviet reply to the Western Powers' Note on Germany, proposing the setting up of a four-power commission (instead of the United Nations commission) to investigate the possibility of holding free elections throughout Germany. Berlin radio, commenting on this 'great contribution to peace', stated:

The Western Powers must now show their true colours. . . . The German people recognise with increasing clarity that the Soviet Union is their friend, prepared to support before the whole world the legitimate demands of every German for the unity of the country and a just peace treaty. Let us all fight for the acceptance by the Western Powers of the new Soviet proposals.

The obvious attraction which the Soviet proposal held for the German people was emphasised by a number of American newspapers, which urged that the Western Powers should proceed carefully if German opinion was not to be alienated. But *The New York Times*, recalling that the Soviet Union had ignored repeated western requests for a United Nations Commission to be permitted to investigate conditions for holding elections in eastern Germany, commented that what the Soviet Union was now really asking for was the power to veto any decisions which the other Powers might reach, such as has happened in Korea, in Austria, and hitherto in Germany. The newspaper went on:

The latest 'peace move' on the part of Moscow is of a parcel with its various predecessors. Germany can have peace and a peace treaty. The western nations can have peace and a peace treaty. All that is necessary is to conform to the Soviet terms. If they happen to mean the surrender of any chance of German freedom to the Soviet Union, so much the better for the communists and so much the worse for us. The offer has been made.

A Tribute to Sir Stafford Cripps

By the Rt. Hon. C. R. ATTLEE, O.M.

I HEARD with great sorrow last night* that Sir Stafford Cripps had died after a long and painful illness which he bore with great courage and serene faith. The country has lost a very great man and I mourn a dear friend and a good colleague.

Sir Stafford was a member of a family distinguished for its record of public service. His father was a learned lawyer who was at one time a Conservative Member of Parliament but later, as a member of the House of Lords, held office in the first Labour Government. His mother was a sister of Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Educated at Winchester and London University, he showed great early promise as a scientist. But he chose the law for his profession. During the first world war, after service in an ambulance unit, he managed a munition works, and proved to be an exceptionally able administrator, but in the course of it, his health was impaired.

After the war he quickly became a successful barrister. He had a wonderful power of mastering detail without letting the detail obscure the real issues. His exceptional scientific knowledge, joined to his power of lucid explanation, brought him to the front rank, especially in the difficult field of patent law. His power of work was phenomenal. His advocacy was brilliant. I have heard eminent barristers say that they could not understand how he could do a full day's work in the House of Commons and yet know every detail of the cases in which he was engaged.

Many eminent lawyers have failed to win approval in the House of Commons but not so Cripps. He was appointed Solicitor-General in the second Labour Government, coming into the House at a by-election in 1930. He was an immediate success, and from that time on was one of the best parliamentary speakers. When the Labour Party in Parliament was reduced to a handful after 1931 he took a great part in leading the Opposition, working closely with George Lansbury and myself. During this time also he was doing much propaganda work for socialism with voice and pen, never sparing himself.

He was, at one time, in disagreement with the policy of the Labour Party, but that never caused any breach of personal relations with his colleagues. He had not then realised the real nature of communism and thought it possible to form a united front with the communists. Closer knowledge of Soviet Russia brought disillusionment. During the war he served as Ambassador to Moscow, where he had a difficult task, and, later, was Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons and then Minister of Aircraft Production in Mr. Churchill's Government. He was an excellent administrator and made no mean contribution to the war effort. At the end of the war he rejoined the Labour Party, and when Labour came into power he became President of the Board of Trade and later Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had to deal with a very difficult financial and economic situation. He was for the greater part of that time charged by me with responsibility for economic affairs.

The work of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is always very heavy, and was especially so in the post-war years, with the difficulties of the foreign exchange position; but, in addition to the purely financial work, he was mainly responsible for planning the economic life of the country and of co-ordinating the work of other ministers in this sphere. He was an admirable colleague, always ready to lend his aid, and particularly

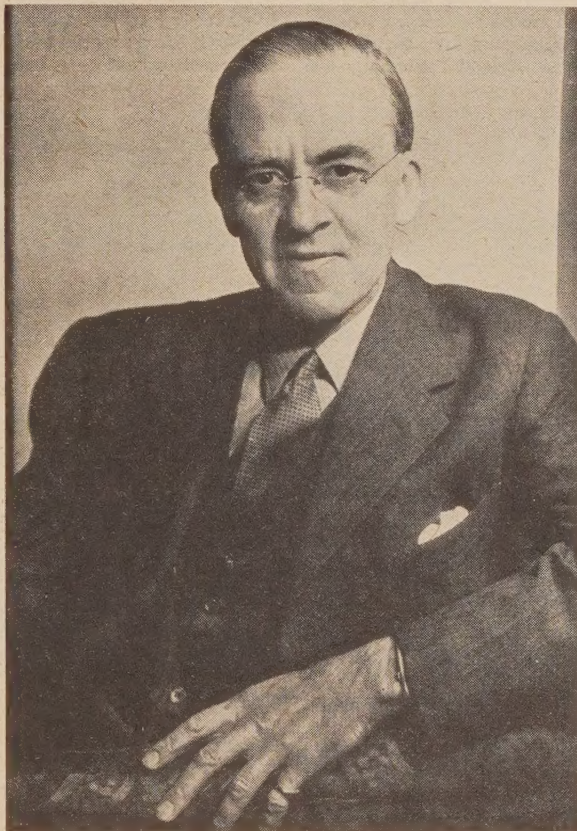
to encourage the younger men in the party. In Cabinet he was always fertile in suggestion and took his full share in all the work. He and Mr. Bevin worked together in great harmony and together they rendered valuable service to world economic co-operation.

Just before the war, Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps had visited China and India, and he had a great sympathy with the aspirations of the peoples of these countries. During the war he went on a special mission on behalf of the Cabinet to try to get a settlement of the Indian problem and came near to success. He had made warm friendships with Indian leaders, such as the late Mr. Gandhi, and the present Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru. He headed the Cabinet Mission to India in 1946 which paved the way for the subsequent settlement in the making of which he played a great part.

As the years went on, the value of his work as Chancellor of the Exchequer was more and more recognised. He never flinched from doing unpopular things when he thought it right and necessary. He disregarded the cheap sneers at 'Austerity Cripps'. He had to make the disagreeable decision on devaluation, but his policy proved to be right. Despite failing health, he carried on his work with great courage until the imperative orders of his doctors obliged him to retire. He was one of the most unselfish of men and worked himself very hard—he often started work at four or five o'clock in the morning—

but he was not an austere or unsympathetic character. Quite the contrary: he was eminently human, kind, and companionable. There was nothing of intellectual conceit in his make-up, despite his brilliance. His interests were varied and he was accomplished in many things. For instance, he designed some charming cottages which he built for the village in which he lived. He was skilled in many handicrafts.

But his outstanding characteristics were his strength of character and his deep Christian faith. His socialism was founded on his faith in the truths of Christianity, and no man's life accorded more closely with his beliefs. He had indeed the faith that moves mountains. I was his colleague for many years and valued very highly his friendship. My wife and I recall so many acts of kindness and consideration received at his hands. He will be mourned by many thousands. I know that I am expressing their feelings as well as my own when I offer the deepest sympathy to Lady Cripps, who was his constant helper and who cared for him in his sickness with such devotion, and to all the members of his family in their great loss.—*Home and Overseas Services*



The Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps: 1889-1952

Did You Hear That?

CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN BY RAILWAY

IN THE ITALIAN ALPS this Easter a new cable railway was opened that will take tourists fairly comfortably almost to the top of one of the great mountains of climbing history, the Matterhorn. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome Correspondent, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'This passenger cableway now being opened', he said, 'represents the third phase in a progressive development of this form of transport up the Italian slopes of the Matterhorn. The first phase, completed in 1934, was a double line of cable cars, carrying people up from the Italian mountain resort of Breuil to a point called Plan Maison, 8,000 feet above sea level. Then, in 1939, a second line was constructed from Plan Maison up to a rocky platform emerging from the glaciers, which mark the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, between the two great peaks of the Matterhorn on the one side, and the Breithorn on the other. That terminus, called by the Italians the Plateau Rosa, is over 11,000 feet up. And now this third and newest development is another line also leaving Plan Maison but going up to the Furggen Ridge at the foot of the main massif of the Matterhorn, where the altitude is 11,452 feet. From this point, say the designers of the cableway, the ordinary tourist will be able to watch, step by step, the progress up the last 3,000 feet of those mountaineers who climb the Matterhorn on foot. In the past these same mountaineers have shown themselves extremely worried by the development of passenger cableways up one of their favourite mountains.

'Last summer there was talk of a final and most audacious, stretch of cableway, which would go right up to the summit of the Matterhorn, and this project caused an outcry, not only in Italian mountaineering circles but all over Europe. It was argued that not only would one of the most beautiful and inaccessible of mountains be permanently desecrated, but that so abrupt and rapid an ascent might prove dangerous to the health of the tourists who made it. However, the Italian engineer who is behind these projects no longer talks of this controversial plan; instead he has the idea of prolonging his latest construction from the Furggen Ridge down the Swiss side of the mountain to the Swiss resort of Zermatt. Some Italians think that this plan might be favourably received by the Swiss. In the past, Zermatt has remained a resort dedicated principally to the practical mountaineer, while the resorts on the Italian side were also able to attract other less energetic types of visitor because they offered these easy means of access to the heights above them. While the old mountaineering clientele of the Zermatt hotels may dislike the idea of an influx of tourists, it is possible, say the Italians, that the Swiss hotel keepers themselves may not object to an additional source of income.'

TURNING GREENLANDERS INTO SHEEP-FARMERS

'Life among the Viking sheep-farmers of south-west Greenland must have been fairly prosperous', said MARJORIE FINDLAY in 'The Eye-witness'. 'And then, about 500 or 600 years ago, a decline set in. It may have been caused through disease, or because for some reason or another contact with Norway became less and less frequent. It is also possible that a gradual change in the weather had something

to do with the decline; and when the rot, as it were, had set in, the Eskimos attacked the Vikings.

'For the better part of 300 or 400 years, this rather lovely if bleak corner of Greenland was virtually uninhabited, at least so far as its sheeplands were concerned. It reminded me of the Outer Hebrides—rocky hills clad in moss and coarse grass. In places, up the fjords, fairly large areas are covered in grass, and it was here the Vikings had their sheep-farms. It was 400 or 500 years before sheep once again browsed here, some time after 1721, when the first Danish missionary arrived in Greenland. Since then, there have been sporadic experiments with sheep-farming there, but it is only since about the nineteen-twenties that it has really been re-established.

'By 1947, the flocks totalled about 22,000 animals. But then there was a setback again—a bad winter, with sudden thaws, followed by frost. The sheep fell on the icy surfaces, breaking their legs and cutting themselves; the grass was hidden by ice, and the sheep went down to the shore to eat seaweed, to be drowned by the tide when they could not get back over patches of ice and up the snowbanks. Thousands of them died and the flocks have not been built up to much above 12,000.

'Then there is the problem of transforming a man who is predominantly a hunter into a herdsman. The Greenlander (a mixture of Eskimo and Dane) is really a seal-hunter. But there has been a slight warming up of the climate there these last few years, with the result that cod have moved in to what were once predominantly sealing waters, and the Greenlander has turned from hunting the seal to fishing for cod, and to rearing sheep. But he is still a hunter by nature; he lacks the stolid mentality of the farmer. He does not plan

for the future; he just lives from day to day. It will take time, perhaps five or six generations, to turn him from a hunter into a sheep-farmer'.



A flock of sheep being ferried to grazing grounds across a fjord in Southern Greenland

A DESERT RAILWAY

A unique railway has just been built in Saudi Arabia. WESTCOTT JONES, returned from a visit there, described it in a Home Service talk. 'The locomotives', he said, 'look like a cross between a huge bulldozer and a tank. Painted green, they have three black chevrons on a white radiator, and every few miles they send piercing toots—the strident blast of the American diesel locomotive—across the desert. The actual building job did not present any particularly marked engineering problems, but the sand is a problem, or at any rate it is in the Dahanas country, about half way along the 360 miles from the coast to the capital at Riyadh. Sandstorms blow up here in a twinkling, and they have been known to cover a track six feet deep in an hour or two, until American railway engineers conceived the idea of what they call "sand control cars". Every so often, one of these cars sprays a jet of crude oil along either side of the track—its effect is the same as spraying oil on a rough sea—so that the track resembles a tarmac road from the distance, a black weal stretching right across the interminable desert.

'Not many of the desert nomads had so much as seen a wheeled vehicle five years ago, but to look at them today, at the controls of 600-horse-power locomotives, one would think they had been railwaymen all their lives'.

Should Central Africa Federate?

By the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR CREECH JONES

A CONFERENCE has opened in London to discuss whether three African territories—Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland—should be federated. This is not a remote and academic question. What happens in any part of Africa affects the whole continent, and what affects the African continent has repercussions sooner or later on the whole world, particularly the non-European parts of the world. A new order is emerging in Africa, expressing itself at times in terms of nationalism, racial discord, or political trouble. On this question of federation there are deep differences between Africans and Europeans which have to be settled because we cannot afford to make decisions which do not appeal to the African people as helpful in the long run to their political freedom and economic progress.

Natural Resources

These central African territories include much of the country into which David Livingstone disappeared and spent so many lonely years. I flew over them a few years ago: they seemed vast and empty—mighty rivers, great lakes, and dark, dangerous forests. Southern Rhodesia extends southward from the Zambesi as far as the Union of South Africa. It has plenty of bush as well as fertile country. Its mineral wealth is rich. It is a colony that is nearing dominion status with its own parliament—though elected almost entirely by Europeans. Northern Rhodesia is far less occupied by Europeans: they are mostly on the copper belt which produces the greater part of the Protectorate's revenue. The Europeans are chiefly miners and farmers. A big proportion of the miners do not settle there permanently—they earn well and leave after some years. Some of the settlers are in the agricultural districts and grow tobacco and maize. There are also a few industries. But most of the country makes rather poor farm-land and the African farmers have a hard time making a living. Many Africans go to the mines or to Southern Rhodesia to work.

Both Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are under the protection of the Crown and are the care of the Colonial Office. They have their own legislative councils and two Africans serve on each of them. Nyasaland is entirely an agricultural country. There are European plantations of tea and tobacco, and a great deal of African farming of tobacco and maize. The Nyasaland Africans are among the most intelligent of all Africans, but they cannot make much of a living off their land. Many of them go away to work in the Union of South Africa or Southern Rhodesia. This has a serious effect on the social structure: it breaks up the village and family life and so weakens the country generally. Taken together, these three territories have a population of rather more than 6,000,000. But of these, only about 170,000 are European, and in the Protectorates the European communities are very small.

It is obvious that these territories form a fairly natural economic unit. The resources of each territory are complementary to one another. Between the territories they have enough resources—crops, such as tea, tobacco and maize; and minerals, such as copper, iron ore, and coal—to bring in a fairly good revenue. The transport system should, for instance, be organised to serve the production of the whole region: indeed the whole economic life should be planned on a Central Africa basis and many services organised in common. A beginning has in fact been made. What the Europeans, however, are asking for is something more than economic union. They are asking for political federation. This, it must be said, is only second best to them. They would prefer amalgamation, but a Royal Commission rejected it before the war because the policy of Southern Rhodesia towards African development was different from that of the two Protectorates. The Commission found that the European population was too small and inexperienced to undertake the responsibility of running such a large territory. And, beyond all, the Africans were opposed to it.

It was the experience of war which first brought the territories into association, and in 1945 the Central African Council was set up—a consultative body whose job was to co-ordinate policy and try to

arrange a few common services. It did much good work, and since it did not involve political fusion it aroused no opposition from the Africans. But the Council was never very popular in Southern Rhodesia. In some respects that country found it embarrassing and in 1950 they reduced its effectiveness and got its work and machinery drastically cut. Just before this happened, a private meeting of Europeans from the three territories took place, and they agreed they would promote federation. Their economic reasons were stronger than ever, and they were getting anxious about the increased immigration of Europeans from the Union of South Africa. The British Rhodesians felt the need to win strength by closer union. There were no Africans present at these talks and when rumour spread reports about them the Africans showed marked resentment. No support for the idea of federation came from the British administrations either—they, after all, are the trustees for the African population.

Subsequently, London was asked by the Europeans to look into the whole problem of closer association. In 1950 a committee of officials from Whitehall and the three territories was set up for such an enquiry. This committee put forward a scheme of federation. But, they declared, economic and political partnership between Europeans and Africans was an urgent matter and the only policy which can succeed in the conditions of Central Africa, the only way of proceeding 'without the fear of influences from outside'. Safeguards for African rights could be made they said, in a federation of a British Central Africa. It was with this report before the communities in each of the territories, that the official conference at Victoria Falls took place last October. The British Government up till then had given no encouragement to federation, but they now made it clear that they favoured some such scheme provided it gave full and adequate safeguards for African interests and gave Africans effective political machinery. But the Government also insisted that the protectorate status of the two northern territories should be preserved, and all idea of amalgamation should be excluded unless it was asked for by a majority of the inhabitants of all three territories. They said, too, that land and land settlement and political advancement should remain matters for the territories to deal with and not for a federal government.

The traditional approach of the British Government to policy as it affects Africans is different from that of the Southern Rhodesian Government, and, it seems to me, the officials' report made too light of the differences. Southern Rhodesia has been almost independent of the British parliament since 1923 and has tended to be a territory organised by Europeans mainly for European settlement. There are good—and bad—features about her policy towards her African population, but their political and economic progress is slow and restricted.

Differing Views

The standing and political future of Africans are different in the protectorates where Britain is trying to guide policy with regard to African rights, so that Africans may take their full part in running their country. Southern Rhodesians envisage the future of their country as belonging chiefly to the white man, and therefore they would wish their country to be the dominant member of any federation. That was why the British Government emphasised the need for political partnership between Africans and Europeans. And why, with their eyes on race relations in the Union of South Africa, they expressed concern at 'any weakening or dilution of the British connection and British tradition and principles in the three territories'.

The Conference discussions begun last October are being taken up in London, and this time the views of the various governments are before the members. Will all the differences be ironed out? So far, there have not been many signs that the Africans have changed their minds. Meanwhile, their attitude has caused a good deal of irritation among the Europeans, who assert that the Africans do not understand the issues involved.

What are the African objections founded on? To start with, let me say—and I have spoken to many Africans about this matter—the

African leaders do really understand the problem and are not lacking in intelligence. They know quite well that there is a case for closer association and that advantages might come from it. But they cannot believe that any scheme of federation would give them sufficient safeguards against the political power it would give to the small minority of Europeans. There are all sorts of conflicts of interest between Europeans and Africans, land, industrial rights, political responsibility, and they fear the European majority in the Central African Parliament would whittle away their rights and prospects which the British Government has guaranteed to them. They note the suggestion that a Minister of African Affairs responsible to London should guard their interests in the federation. But they see what has happened in the Union of South Africa—entrenched rights disappeared very easily there—and they do not feel that a Central African Government would put up for long with a Minister who was virtually responsible to Britain or with an African Affairs Board which could hold up or oppose its legislation. Africans ask: does it really require federation to prevent race discrimination, to act against slumps, to control immigration from the south or to promote common services? They saw a great deal of good work being done by the Central African Council and they suspect the reasons why its place and authority were reduced.

If I may add a personal view, it is that it would be, I fear, disastrous

for Britain in Africa to force a scheme of federation in the face of the opposition of the African population. The reality of closer union surely depends on a relationship between black and white which is one of mutual respect and good feeling. Can the necessities of the situation be met by a policy different from political federation? I, personally, have always thought so. It is possible to get economic co-operation between communities and territories without federation—one way is shown by the High Commission of the East African territories, another, when a beginning was made with the Central African Council. Southern Rhodesia has proclaimed her loyalty to the British connection and I do not believe her loyalty would falter if she failed to obtain the complete federation she asks for, and got instead some machinery for co-operation between the three territories without political federation. I believe some way, other than federation, can be found for achieving the political and economic purposes wanted by all governments.

Is it really necessary to press Africans along the present road? Faced with the determined opposition which they are already beginning to show, and the dire consequences in these and other territories which the imposition of federation would bring, surely other ways should be explored. Let us hope that the present Conference will go some way to that end.—*Home Service*

The Demonic Genius of Leonardo da Vinci

By SIR KENNETH CLARK

FIVE hundred years ago on April 15, if the traditional date is to be believed, was born one of those very rare human beings in whom nature seems to have relaxed, for a moment, her scrupulous attention to averages. You know how often if she gives one talent in excess she seems to even up with the rest. But to Leonardo da Vinci she gave everything. Many of these gifts we have to take on trust. His beauty, his strength and grace of action, his skill as a musician, his eloquent speech; these we know about from contemporary witnesses or from his biography by Vasari, which was written within living memory. But we also have first-hand evidence of gifts of the kind which can be extended to posterity. Almost 700 of his drawings have come down to us, and a great quantity of writings—the equivalent of about twenty volumes; also a few pictures—say fourteen. I mention the pictures last because in their present condition they are less good evidence of his intentions and his genius than his drawings. And I mention the drawings first because I believe that it was through his gifts as a draughtsman that all Leonardo's other intellectual endowments were set in motion.

It is sometimes said that Leonardo drew so well because he knew about things; but it is truer to say that he knew about things because he drew so well. One can see that by studying his work chronologically. He started life as an artist; at the age of thirty he was certainly one of the greatest draughtsmen who have ever lived; and it was only at the age of thirty-five, when most of us have ceased to make notes, that Leonardo began. That a universally gifted young man should choose to become an artist is rather surprising to us, nowadays. But not in Florence in the fifteenth century. When Leonardo was born people really felt the need for painting and sculpture and architectural ornament. Unless they had it round them they felt incomplete and uncivilised; whereas to us it has come to seem a tiresome and expensive extra. Moreover, art was not merely a means of making things look more agreeable: it was a way of giving information about the visible world.

In his treatise on painting Leonardo said: 'If you despise this art, which is the sole means of reproducing all the known works of nature, you despise an invention which, with subtle and philosophic speculation, considers all the qualities of forms: seas, plants, animals, grasses, flowers, all of which are encircled in light and shadow'. Painting is no longer the sole means of reproducing the works of nature, and is much the poorer in consequence. The eye has been surpassed in speed, and to some extent in accuracy, by the camera. But it remains essential to our understanding. Now, of Leonardo's physical endowments the one we can be quite sure of is the extraordinary efficiency of his

eye. Like certain great athletes, he does seem to have seen things more quickly and more clearly than other people. Among his drawings now exhibited at Burlington House—far the finest collection there ever has been, or ever will be, I suppose—are some in which he has caught movements so transitory that the ordinary eye can hardly see them, much less set them down; and there are others in which he seems to have penetrated right into the structure of an object so that we seem to gain a clearer understanding of its principles of growth.

So in becoming a painter the young Leonardo seemed to be making the best use of his marvellous gifts. But I must admit that when, at the age of thirty, he decided to move from Florence to Milan he was recommended to his new employer as a musician, and he himself wrote putting forward his claims as a military engineer, and only mentioning the art of painting as an afterthought. It is true that in the Renaissance artists were often called on to help with fortifications, because they could show on paper how things would work (incidentally, Leonardo's drawings of war-machines always look to me as if they would not work, and there is no evidence that they did). But at intervals throughout his life Leonardo seemed willing to do anything to escape from the art of painting. He left behind in Florence his first great picture, 'The Adoration of the Magi', unfinished; after ten years the picture of his favourite subject, the Virgin and St. Anne, was still incomplete; and a visitor to his studio in 1501 describes him as 'out of all patience with his brush'. At such times the slow labour of painting irritated him because it kept him from doing what he liked best—looking, penetrating, enquiring, and setting down the results of his enquiries.

I said 'what he liked best', but Leonardo's spirit of enquiry was something far more violent than that: it was a raging demon of curiosity, which drove him on to try to find out how everything worked. 'Ask so-and-so how they saw wood in Germany' or 'dig canals in Flanders' or 'ask the man from Pavia how they turn a screw'. His pocket-books are full of questions like these, and I suppose that many of the drawings of machines in his larger manuscripts are answers to those questions. This same spirit of curiosity made him teach himself Latin at the age of forty, in order to find out from books as well as from men. But the answers he got from wandering German craftsmen and the theories he found in the writings of ancient authors like Archimedes did not satisfy him and are not of much interest to us. Leonardo's demon of curiosity did something far more important: it forced him to ask questions of nature. He gradually ceased to ask how machines worked—which other men could tell him—and began to ask how the human body worked, or plants or tides or clouds; and

in the year 1490 the only way to answer these enquiries was through his own observations.

This is what we call being a scientist. In a way, it had developed naturally out of his marvellously accurate eye, which by its very power of penetration suggested further questions. But in addition to this physical endowment Leonardo had the approach to knowledge upon which modern science is based, and which was most unusual in the fifteenth century. In the Middle Ages philosophers began with general ideas about the universe, and fitted the facts into them. Leonardo had no use for that. 'As if such people', he says, 'had life long enough to allow them to acquire complete knowledge of a single subject, such as the human body: and then they want to comprehend the mind of God, in which the universe is included, weighing it minutely and mincing it into infinite parts, as if they could dissect it'. That is the authentic voice of science, which we have heard a good many times since. But in fact Leonardo was very much less narrowly scientific than this quotation suggests. For one thing he did not specialise on the human body, or anything else, but took all nature for his field of enquiry, just as his medieval predecessors had done; and for another he remained an artist, a man of imagination, who not only recorded facts but used them to create images.

I suppose we all have at the back of our minds vague pictures which seem to us very important, although we cannot quite define them: that is why we gaze so longingly at a sunset or look for pictures in the fire. For the imaginative artist these mental images are far more intense and far more definite, although he, too, has great difficulty in giving them final shape. Many of you will remember Leonardo's advice on this subject, which, he said,

might seem trivial and almost laughable, yet is of great value in quickening the spirit of invention. It is this that you should look at certain walls stained with damp or at stones of uneven colour. If you have to invent some setting you will be able to see in these the likeness of divine landscapes, adorned with mountains, ruins, rocks, woods, great plains, hills, and valleys in great variety; and then again you will see there battles and strange figures in violent action, expressions of faces and clothes and an infinity of things which you will be able to reduce to their complete and proper forms. In such walls the same thing happens as in the sound of bells, in whose strokes you may find every named word which you can imagine.

This quotation is particularly interesting because it reveals Leonardo's mental images; it shows what came first to his mind as desirable subjects for painting: expressions of faces, landscapes, battles. They are what we call romantic subjects, and were not at all the ordinary stock in trade of painters round about the year 1500. At that time the average patron asked for religious subjects or portraits. Leonardo supplied them fitfully and reluctantly. He painted the Virgin and Child a number of times; and he painted the Last Supper with such authority and conviction that it remained our most satisfying and familiar representation of the subject for centuries. In many ways it is the central point in the whole of European painting. He also painted some portraits, and one of these, too, is a supreme masterpiece: the Mona Lisa. As a matter of fact she has become so much a part of popular imagery that we forget that she was a real young woman of twenty-four, the wife of an obscure Florentine lawyer. Why Leonardo chose to paint her at a time when he was refusing commissions from kings and princesses is a mystery. Not (as is sometimes said) because he was in love with her—in any ordinary sense of the word. But perhaps he had discovered in her face something which expressed his sense of the processes of nature: and so he has lifted her outside time and circumstance. But although Leonardo executed portraits and devotional pictures for his patrons, his imagination was continually occupied by storms and battles.

His notebooks contain long descriptions of these subjects, which are incidentally outstanding early examples of descriptive prose in Italian. Here is one of them which I will quote because here I want, as far as possible, Leonardo to speak for himself.

The painter can call into being the essence of animals of all kinds, of plants, fruits, landscapes, rolling plains, crumbling mountains, fearful and terrible places which strike terror into the spectator; and again pleasant places, sweet and delightful with meadows of many-coloured flowers bent by the gentle motion of the wind which turns back to look at them as it floats on; and then rivers falling from high mountains with the force of great floods, which drive down with them uprooted plants mixed with rocks, roots, earth, and foam, and wash away to its ruin all that comes in their path; and then the stormy sea, striving and wrestling with the winds which fight against it, raising itself up in superb waves which fall in ruins as the wind strikes at their roots.

These were the subjects boiling in Leonardo's imagination while he was painting portraits and Madonnas or doing small architectural jobs for his employers. He did once get the opportunity of painting a battle, a large mural picture in the town hall of his native Florence. Alas, it has been destroyed. But we can tell from copies, and from his own drawings and descriptions, the zest with which he threw himself into the subject and depicted the most blood-curdling incidents. This is remarkable because we know from many accounts that Leonardo was a man of quite exceptional gentleness. In an age and a climate which had not developed our sentimental feelings about animals, he treated them with a tenderness which astonished his contemporaries. He bought caged birds in the market place in order to let them free. He even became a vegetarian rather than eat the flesh of any living thing. As to war, the favourite art of the time, he called it most beastly madness. And yet, quite late in his life, he became military engineer to that terrible ruffian and murderer, Caesar Borgia. Leonardo's character is full of such apparent contradictions, and we sometimes feel as if nature, in trying to make a complete man, had made him too complete, and given him characteristics which could not co-exist in the same person. But this is a shallow view. The conflicts in Leonardo's mind are like conflicts in nature herself, and are



Self-portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, c. 1510-13; red chalk: in the Royal Library, Turin

really a part of the basic tension between order and energy.

With his penetrating eye he was better able than anyone to see the element of order and design in everything he drew; in a skull, or a leaf, or an embryo. And this sense of pattern fitted in with his love of mathematics; for like many of his contemporaries he believed that mathematics supplied the only certainties which were beyond the accidents of opinion. 'In them', he says, 'one does not argue if twice three makes more or less than six; all argument is reduced to eternal silence, and those who love them can enjoy them with a peace which the lying sciences of the mind can never attain'. By the 'lying sciences of the mind' he meant what we call philosophy, of which he always held a very poor opinion. But there were things to destroy the peace of his mathematical paradise, even in his own field of natural observation. Leonardo set out on his intellectual journey with immense faith in the value of experience. He used often to sign himself 'Leonardo Vinci: disciple of experience', and his notebooks are an expression of this faith—that wisdom can be achieved by making an accurate record of things seen. But as the notebooks grew fuller and fuller, it became apparent that his material had got out of control, not only on account of its bulk but from the kind of evidence it provided. In the middle of his life he suddenly wrote the revealing sentence: 'Nature contains an infinite number of sequences which are outside the range of experience'.

What had made him change his mind? One of the chief conclusions which Leonardo had drawn from examining living things was that all

creation followed a cycle of growth, decay, absorption, and rebirth. He found evidence for it in human anatomy, in animals, in plants; and his studies of shells and fossils in the Alps convinced him that even the solid-seeming earth was in a state of flux. He wrote in one of his notebooks:

It has a spirit of growth. Its flesh is the soil, its bones the stratification of rocks which form the mountains, its cartilage the tufa, its blood the springs of water; and the increase and decrease of blood in the pulses is represented, in the earth, by the ebb and flow of the sea.

This meant far more to him than a literary fancy. It was half the riddle of creation. But there remained the other half. What was the source of energy which kept all this matter in motion? He did not know, any more than we know. At the end of all his questionings—patient, dogged, infinitely laborious—nature had baffled him. So, once more, he turned his eye inward to his imagination. And there he found two images which had always been there, but which had grown to obsess him more and more—an image of mystery and an image of energy. The first took the simple traditional form—as old as the Sphinx—of a smile. All the figures which are entirely his own creations have the same remote, mysterious smile, as if they knew an important secret which they will not disclose. Or does this expression reflect some inner transformation of matter which is beyond our understanding? Someone has said that the Mona Lisa looks like the cat that has eaten the canary; which describes well enough the smile of one who has attained complete possession of what she loved, and is enjoying the process of absorption. For some reason Leonardo's smile, which seemed so exciting to people in the nineteenth century, has become faintly irritating to us: perhaps it has been the subject of too much bad literature; or perhaps equality of the sexes has made femininity less mysterious. Because the smile represents the passive, feminine element in Leonardo's imagination. The active element, the image of energy, took the form of swirling or cascading water.

Anyone who has looked at a waterfall, or a heavy wave breaking on the shore, will understand why the movement of water came to play such a part in Leonardo's mind: because nowhere else is the shape of force so clearly visible. Leonardo's eye could see these shapes much more

clearly than ours can, and in the later years of his life he drew them again and again. Almost imperceptibly, as was the way with him, they ceased to be records of experience, and became the materials of fantasy. And so we get those drawings of his old age in which the whole world is being overwhelmed by flood—just as it is in the description I read earlier. These deluge drawings are painfully prophetic. They show explosions in the sky, like gigantic evil flowers, raining down destruction on the earth. Instinctively Leonardo had realised that to disturb the balance of matter and energy would be an extremely dangerous experiment.

On some of these drawings he wrote notes—calm, detached records of fact, as if nothing much was happening; it is as if he were hiding from his own fears behind his long habit of scientific observation. And yet 'fears' is not quite the word, because, as in his descriptions of battles, Leonardo really glories in the horror and destructive ferocity of the scene. It was part of the principle of energy. He would have agreed with Blake when he wrote, 'The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea and the destructive sword are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man'.

Goethe, who by his feeling for nature no less than by his universal intelligence was one of the few people comparable to Leonardo, was fond of saying that certain great men were *demonic*. By this he meant charged with a power which cannot be explained by reason and yet has a great driving force like a storm, or a snowdrop, when it breaks the winter earth. In this sense, Leonardo was, to the highest degree, demonic. His contemporaries felt this and made him into a mythical figure almost in his lifetime. He begins, in Vasari's biography, as incredibly beautiful, gentle, and strong; he ends as a sort of Prospero, lost in incomprehensible calculations and making half magical toys. They did not know that his notebooks were full of accurate observations, and obstinate siftings of evidence, which transform him from a magician into a scientist. But in a way they were right, for his power of perceiving and conveying the secrets of living things is, as we say, uncanny; against the rules by which we live—the law of nature, the law of averages, and all those other dreary laws, which we defy at our peril. But Leonardo defied them.—*Home Service*

Homes for the People

By A. G. SHEPPARD-FIDLER

AS an architect, I spend a great deal of my time designing houses, and most of you will agree that this is one of the greatest and most urgent needs of today. We are trying to provide houses quickly, hundreds of thousands of them, good to look at, pleasant to live in, and at a price we can afford to pay.

Every year since the war, I have seen building costs rising, and they have risen even more steeply than the general standard of living, so that a house which cost, say, £400 before the war, now costs about £1,500—and this figure is still increasing. Architects and local authorities have been doing all they can to keep down costs by careful planning and intelligent use of all materials, and a very great deal of time and thought has been, and is being, given to this most pressing matter. The programme of house-building presents new problems now, when building costs continue to rise, and the needs of the Defence Programme, the export industries, and so on, make increasing demands on supplies of materials and labour.

What are we doing about it? Can we make the available materials and labour go further in 1952 than we did in 1951 in order to build more houses and keep down these ever-rising costs? For they are threatening to put the finished houses outside the means of the average family. We must economise, and here, then, is the architect's problem: can he save materials by skilful design and without sacrificing the comfort and convenience of the people who will live in the house and without lowering the essential standards of living? It is a problem for the practical architect who designs for the times in which he lives. While retaining the generous room sizes which we have all come to enjoy, he must seek to make reductions elsewhere in the house—in such places as halls and corridors—to achieve at least a ten per cent. saving in precious materials for other houses and other projects.

A stimulus to the solution of this problem has been given by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government in its recently published booklet called *Houses, 1952**, which illustrates many interesting plans of more economical houses. This booklet is only a guide to local authorities in building houses which will give the best possible value for money. The most important recommendation, and the one which concerns us all most closely, is that the houses should be planned to save as much space as possible. These plans have been subjected to detailed criticism on the Third Programme† and elsewhere, but now that some of these 'people's houses' have been built—such as those which were recently on view at Olympia, and which many of you may have seen—it is right to examine them afresh and to consider whether these criticisms are still valid.

The important question is, does the reduction in overall size mean the lowering of standards? Let us look at the facts. The Dudley Committee Report of 1944 made recommendations concerning the basic standards for post-war housing, the most essential of which were the minimum sizes of living rooms and bedrooms and what they called the 'aggregate living space'; that is, the combined area of the living room, sitting room, and kitchen. In none of the designs suggested for what we call the 'people's houses' have any of these essential standards been contravened, and yet by careful and economic planning, by the elimination of waste space in halls, corridors and lobbies, the overall size of the houses has been reduced. My own view, having seen and examined in detail the houses erected at Olympia, is that they are something to be proud of: they are convenient, pleasant to look at, easy to run, and are real homes in which a family may live happily and fully.

Let us look at some of the more interesting trends revealed in the

* H.M. Stationery Office.

† THE LISTENER, February 7

'people's houses', taking the three-bedroomed house as an example. In the first place, the room sizes and aggregate living space standards have been retained at approximately the minimum. In the whole range of fourteen plans of three-bedroomed types illustrated in *Houses, 1952*, the average aggregate living space is 325 square feet per house, as against the minimum standard of 320 square feet, and the aggregate areas of the bedrooms is 324 square feet compared with the minimum standard of 315 square feet. To have achieved these low averages is in itself no mean feat. But it is important to note that the areas of the bedrooms are practically the same as the living area of the ground floor. It follows, therefore, that if the bathroom and W.C. is placed on the bedroom floor, a feature recommended by the Dudley Committee, and assuming that the staircase takes up an equivalent amount of room on either floor, there is an unequal distribution of space as between the ground and first floors; the first floor, in fact, is larger than the ground.

These areas can be equalised so as to produce a simple rectangular structure in either of two ways: either by increasing the size of the ground-floor living area above the minimum, or by using the space for another purpose. Many of the designs for the people's houses show this space used as an internal store, and this feature becomes the first interesting trend in house-planning today. Bringing the store under the main roof of the house is, to my mind, a very good idea, as it can be much drier and cleaner than one in a separate building at the back of the house. Placed inside it is a good space usable at all times and readily accessible for doing odd jobs in warm and light conditions. I feel, however, that great care has to be taken in design to see that the area provided is not all just passage space. The actual shape of the store is almost as important as its size.

A further advantage is that the internal store suggests a possible solution to the difficult problem of access to the backs of houses when they are built in terraces. Until now, access to the backs of terrace houses has been by a common path at the rear, or by a short tunnel passage to every pair of houses. Both these methods are expensive and have their disadvantages. Terrace houses are cheaper to build and much warmer than semi-detached blocks, and if they are well designed their character can add great charm to the streets of our towns and restore that quiet urbanity which we so much admire in our Georgian squares and terraces. And the problem of access to the garden is solved by some of the new plans which show access through each



Two- and three-bedroomed 'people's houses', as recently shown at Olympia

house by way of the inside store or through the store and kitchen.

The store can also provide useful space for the storage of fuel in a specially built bunker with a dust-proof lid, and sometimes it would be convenient to arrange that the dustbin could be housed in a ventilated container accessible from outside for emptying, and conveniently accessible from inside the store by the housewife. This arrangement works very well in practice, and is much to be preferred, in my own opinion, to having low brick walls in front of the houses in which lurks the bin, while the housewife has to appear in the front street every time she has something to put in it.

The second important trend, and an unorthodox one for British housing, is the introduction of the open-plan house. By centrally heating the house, planning of the ground floor is freed, and an open plan is obtained. It is possible, of course, to arrange central heating for any house, large or small, at a cost. Why, then, is it suggested that central heating might be used in these economical designs? The reason is that now the total area of the houses is smaller (and consequently the cubic capacity, or, in other words, the space to be heated, is reduced) it is possible to instal a boiler which will heat the house economically, as far as heating capacity of the appliances is concerned, while using only the same amount of fuel annually as is normally used for heating the houses by open fires. The boiler must, of course, be used intelligently to obtain this economy of fuel. The houses already built to this open plan have proved popular and more experiments are now being carried out.

In the fully open plan there are no open fires, but radiators on the ground floor, with the staircase leading out of the large living room, whence warmth rises to give background heating to the bedrooms. Another plan shows the living room heated by a normal fire, but with the dining space centrally heated and the staircase rising from it. This is called the dining-hall house. The heating appliance in all cases also provides hot water for the sinks and bathrooms. In the small house, centrally heated in this way, all the space of the house can be fully used and much greater comfort obtained. It is possible to sit and read, or work, in any part of the room, and there are no draughts to avoid. Some of us who have had experience of really comfortable conditions through controlled central heating will realise what freedom from crouching around an open fire can mean. Here is a suggestion which opens up



The living room of a two-bedroomed 'people's house'

possibilities for a new way of living for this country, and I think the Ministry of Housing and Local Government is to be commended for including these schemes among their plans.

Another new trend adds variation in the accommodation provided in the houses. This is a house with one large and two small bedrooms, although only one specimen type of this kind is shown. This house will prove very useful for a married couple with two children, and many authorities will prefer it to the two-bedroom house. It is only 30 square feet bigger than the average two-bedroomed house shown, but over 100 square feet smaller than the average three-bedroomed house. Now that this additional variety is encouraged, it is to be hoped that local authorities will experiment with houses of this kind.

Using Space to the Best Advantage

Houses, 1952 is a guide, not an instruction, and architects who have already shown great ingenuity in design, must work out solutions themselves to suit local conditions and needs. Requirements and habits vary a great deal over the country, and these must be fully taken into account if people are to be happily housed. It is very easy to criticise plans in detail, and there are many points in the plans shown, as in all house plans, which can be commented on favourably or unfavourably according to your own likes and dislikes. We all use our houses in different ways; succeeding generations have different opinions. I have seen identical houses occupied by families identical in size and from the same salary range, and they live and move in very different ways and use their spaces and dispose of their furniture in the manner which suits them best. Some people like long narrow rooms—others, square rooms—just as some families like a large garden and spend a lot of time there, while others like a small garden and use their leisure differently.

Architects, therefore, must work out their own solution to this problem of using space to the best advantage. I think the effort well worth while when so much is at stake. Here we are in 1952, six years after the war, and still hundreds of thousands of us have no house of our own. Surely we cannot afford to neglect any line of thought which offers us more houses for the same amount of material and labour while maintaining the essential standards. Here is one way of a substantial saving in cost, and it is not just a question of leaving something out. The luxuries went a long time ago, and local authorities have followed, too, the advice given by the Girdwood Committee Reports on methods of reducing costs. It is still possible to strive for more economical layouts, savings in the construction of roads and services and in building methods. It must not be overlooked that the cost of preparation of sites for buildings has also increased, as well as the cost of the actual houses. Much has been, and can be, said about pre-planning, site organisation, standardisation, greater productivity, and so on, as factors materially affecting the cost of providing houses for the people.

Mr. Cleeve Barr, in his talk in this series a few weeks ago*, feared that the introduction of the new specimen designs would seriously affect the programme of non-traditional houses. In fact, some of the sponsors of non-traditional houses have already prepared their own plans and are ready to make their contribution to the problem of more houses from the same amount of material and labour. Already a block of six houses to the new size has been erected at Eastcote, in the record time of seven weeks. This surely is a spur to speedy production, and I am sure that this record will soon be challenged. The Minister of Housing and Local Government has recently pointed to the contribution which the non-traditional houses can make to the pressing need for homes, and he has asked all local authorities to give special attention to this.

I feel, then, that the publication of *Houses, 1952* marks an important milestone on the way to providing the 'people's houses'. Some of us had felt for some time that many of the houses built have been too lavish in area and equipment to suit people's pockets, and many local authorities had, on their own initiative, designed houses of sizes more related to our national economy even before the Ministry of Housing and Local Government encouraged them to do so. The savings to be obtained by reducing the overall size of the houses to the areas now recommended will not be the same in all cases. There is nothing automatic about it, and while designing to a new plan, economies in layout of cold and hot water services, boilers, chimney stacks, and so on must be carefully considered if the full benefit of reduced costs is to be obtained. But I know that, in some cases, the savings can be as much as £150 a house, and the Ministry of Housing and Local Government say in their booklet that this may well be an average figure. For every 100,000 houses a year that we build, if we save £150 on each

we make a capital saving of £15,000,000 and free materials and men for more houses or other projects.

Present costs of houses are very disturbing, even allowing for the newly announced increased subsidies, and local authorities are showing great concern at this rising cost of houses and consequent increase in rents. There is also a good deal of evidence to show that tenants are having difficulty in finding the rents which have to be charged. A rise in the rates of interest means that a given capital cost will require larger annual payments to meet it. The Minister has decided to increase subsidies to meet the recent rise in interest rates, but nevertheless, any saving in capital cost will be reflected in reduced rents—a saving of £150 at current rates means 2s. 8d. a week less rent. An increase in the number of houses provided is also an urgent and pressing need. The building of over 1,000,000 houses since the war is no mean achievement, but thousands of families are still on the waiting-lists and we still have large areas of derelict housing to reconstruct. All these points—lower rents, more houses, better use of available materials and labour—can be met in some measure by building smaller and cheaper houses, without lowering essential standards.

I mention standards again: *Houses, 1952* maintains the essential standards. As a nation we have to cut our coat according to our cloth—in housing as in many other things. We should all like to see the sizes of our houses increased and the quality and range of fittings and equipment improved and enlarged, but can we afford it now? Would it be right to afford it when, for example, for every 100 families living in the larger overall sized house, we could, at the same expenditure, house 110 families and give the occupants the same living space?

One last point: the Dudley Report was written in 1944 and the Committee assumed that the level of building prices would stabilise at about thirty per cent. above the 1939 levels, and that this percentage increase would correspond with the increase in the cost of living. Neither of these assumptions has been fulfilled and whereas the cost of living index is now perhaps nearly 200 per cent. above the 1939 level the building costs have risen not to thirty per cent. but to 300 or 400 per cent. over the 1939 figure. It may well be asked whether even the Dudley Committee would have made the same recommendations had they known what level building prices would reach. But despite all handicaps there is no doubt that we are providing some of the best houses in the world and, in my opinion, the 'people's houses' will be houses of which we may justly be proud.—*Third Programme*

George and Pauline

George and Pauline, lovers two,
Don't you wish that they were you?
Surely they, if any can,
Will find what is not shown to man.

See them walk in lust and pride
Past the smell where something died,
Past the railway-bridge and fence,
Till the trees grow blind and dense.

Will they search for truth and good
In their cranny in greenwood?
If they grasp flesh close enough,
Will they find a better stuff?

Having grasped, they part and pause.
They have found effect, not cause.
Then they turn face up and lie
Watching bombers in the sky.

Exquisite and silver they
Grace in threes the golden day,
While the lovers on the ground
Stare wry-faced, till eyes are drowned,

Drowned in flecked and heaving sky,
Where the shining bombers fly.
Alas, sky for its ideal gazes
Earthward at their skyward faces.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

The Sin-Temples of Harran

By SETON LLOYD

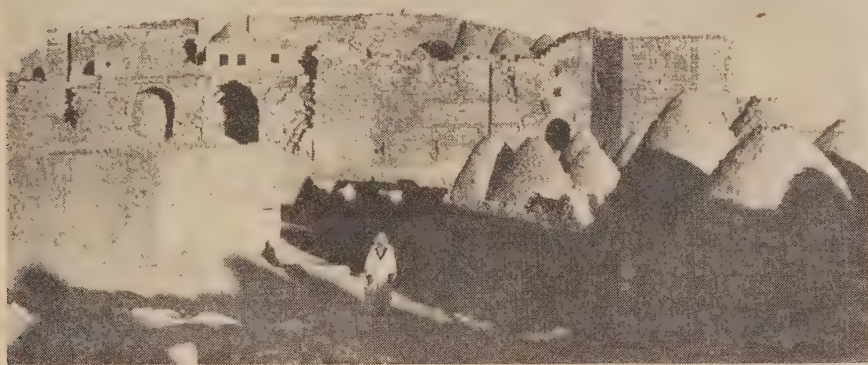
ONE of the blessings of the present regime in Turkey is the relative freedom which it affords to foreigners to travel about the country. One corner of Turkey which in this way has suddenly become accessible is the strip of country just north of the Syrian frontier and east of the Euphrates crossings. This province has been so long a protected military area that it has remained almost unvisited, except by Turkish nationals, since the days of Gertrude Bell and T. E. Lawrence. Yet it contains great Roman fortress cities like Diyarbekir and Dara, from which the defences of Diocletian *limes*

the time have been engaged on an important military campaign. From then onwards, isolated in this remote corner of the Babylonian Empire, Harran came to acquire a special character as a city devoted to a venerable religious cult, and even after the conquest of Babylon by Alexander, its inhabitants suffered a minimum of foreign interference or religious persecution. As a result, one is faced with the curious phenomenon of an old pagan liturgy, obsolete and forgotten in the land of its origin, but perpetuated by a small body of Mesopotamian expatriates in an obscure city at the junction of two caravan routes.

Thus it continued throughout the classical period.

By the time of the Arab conquest the Harranian pagans had come to be called Sabians, and under this name, both they and their curious religion were treated with surprising toleration by the Arab caliphs. There were now a number of moon-sanctuaries scattered about the immediate neighbourhood of Harran, and they were an unflinching subject of curiosity for every visiting Arab travel-writer; so that much information about their forms of worship, their shrines and the dates of their festivals is to be found in Arab literature, right up to the twelfth century and the end of the Abbasid Caliphate. The significance of this curious survival is obvious; for here, existing almost into the Middle Ages, is a people still practising the age-old religion of Mesopotamia, the same rituals which the Babylon of Hammurabi had inherited from the ancient Sumerians 3,000 years earlier.

So it was with these Sabians very much in mind that, in the summer of 1950, we planned a general reconnaissance of the Harran ruins and of the surrounding district. Where would one be more likely to find the relics of a theological library than among the debris of a Harranian



The medieval castle of Harran, beneath which the moon-temple is said to be buried. In the foreground are the 'beehive' houses of the modern villagers

were maintained; Nisibin and Edessa, the two earliest centres of eastern Christianity, each of which in its time boasted more than 300 churches. And finally, near Edessa are the ruins of the ancient city of Harran.

In about 1800 B.C., the patriarch Abraham left his birthplace at Ur of the Chaldees and came to Harran; he was merely moving from one great pagan centre to another, for both cities harboured famous shrines of the Mesopotamian moon-god, Sin. In the early days of the Assyrian Empire, it had already become fashionable for treaties to be ratified 'in the presence of Sin of Harran', and the inscriptions refer to his temple by its quaint archaic name 'E-hul-hul'. Mention of this temple occurs frequently in the annals of the Assyrian kings, when one or other of them finds it in disrepair and rebuilds it; installs a new statue in its sanctuary; or merely records his impressions after visiting it in order to worship. Finally after the destruction of Nineveh by the Medes in 612 B.C., it was to Harran that the court and the remnants of the garrison fled, and for two precarious years the city enjoyed the doubtful privilege of becoming the posthumous capital of Assyria. The end came in 610 B.C., when the last Assyrian king was defeated and killed, and the temple of Sin did not survive the destruction of the city by the Scythians.

This would in the ordinary way have been the end of Harran. Like the earlier Assyrian capitals, Ashur, Nimrud, and Khorsabad, it would soon have changed into a forgotten mound, with the ruins of E-hul-hul, its broken statues and archives of religious documents, lying conveniently to the hand of the modern archaeologist, just beneath the surface. The fact that things did not eventually turn out in this way was largely due to the Babylonian king, Nabonidus. This eccentric antiquarian received, in a dream, divine instructions to rebuild the Sin temple, and did so on a magnificent scale, using for the purpose his own troops, who should at



The 150-foot tumulus of Sultantepe, near Harran, where part of an Assyrian library has been discovered

Photographs: Seton Lloyd

moon-temple? It was a temple, therefore, that we hoped above all to discover, but it was clear from the first glance at the ruins that any excavation of the city itself would be far beyond our means. During the long centuries of the classical and Islamic periods the level of occupation had risen stage by stage, until the ground floors of the latest houses were level with the battlements of the old city wall. The fortifications themselves now formed a sort of retaining wall to this vast platform of accumulated human debris. Recognisable among the more central ruins were those of a gigantic congregational mosque and a fine basilican church, while next to a gateway on the desert side the beehive huts of the modern inhabitants clustered around a formidable medieval castle. The Assyrian city, we reckoned, must in places be buried as deep as thirty feet beneath the present surface.

The Clue of Caracalla

All the evidence available in the works of Arab writers combined to suggest that the principal Sabian moon-temple lay buried under the ponderous ruins of the castle itself. When we came to examine and plan this building, this theory seemed by no means improbable, for its 100 or so vaulted chambers appeared to be grouped around a sort of nuclear structure, now rendered inaccessible by fallen masonry. Any attempt to investigate this would have involved a major feat of engineering. So it was with a reluctant kind of relief that we turned our attention to two subsidiary temples, to which frequent reference is made in literature, but which appeared to be situated outside the actual area of the city.

One event in Roman history which took place in the neighbourhood of Harran was the assassination of Caracalla. The Emperor was at the time returning to Harran on horseback, after sacrificing at a temple of the moon-god, which is described by the Latin historians as situated at some distance from the city on the road to Edessa—that is, modern Urfa. Five miles from Harran, on the line of the old Harran-Edessa road, we found that there was a mound named Yarimca, near which, in 1949, peasants had unearthed a stela bearing a cuneiform inscription and the emblem of the god, Sin. When we visited the place, we found indications of a very large building just beneath the surface, and, all things considered, we decided that this would be as good a point of departure as any for an excavating campaign in 1951.

Unfortunately, the site at Yarimca proved a disappointment; and it was in a sense our conservative friends the Sabians by whom we were defeated, for we found that the Assyrian stela had been re-used by them in a building dating from Roman times, and that even this building had been repeatedly reconstructed after the Arab conquest. Deep down beneath the Roman level, we did eventually encounter traces of what could conceivably have been the original Assyrian shrine, but the task of tracing its walls, at a depth of something like fifteen feet beneath the accumulated debris of later times, promised to be a formidable one. On reviewing our economic situation, and finding that more than a quarter of our slender funds were already exhausted, there seemed no alternative to cutting our losses and moving our excavating camp to another site.

Having made this decision, our prospects at once seemed to improve. Still following the clue provided by the story of Caracalla's assassination, we set ourselves to inspect a succession of other mounds, standing on the line of the Harran-Edessa road. This brought us, late one Sunday afternoon, to the colossal tumulus near which Sultan Murad was said to have camped on his return from the sack of Baghdad, and which had consequently acquired the name of Sultantepe. This great mound, which must have started its existence 6,000 or even 7,000 years ago as a group of primitive huts on the banks of a small stream, has today reached a height of over 150 feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and has a flat summit about 100 yards across. We found that at one point near the top the drainage of rainwater from the summit had cut a deep gully, revealing a line of gigantic column bases carved in black basalt. The broken pottery with which the summit itself was littered dated from the Roman and Hellenistic periods; but near the column bases some Assyrian types were recognisable, and a small shepherd boy, emerging from behind one of the granite blocks, produced from his pocket a finely cut Assyrian cylinder-seal.

There was only one inference to be made from these indications. At some period, perhaps in late Assyrian times, the summit of the mound had been converted into a citadel or acropolis, approached on this side by a monumental entrance gateway with columns. Within the acropolis there would hardly have been room for more than a single good-sized public building, and one was driven to conclude

that this must either have been the palace of an Assyrian king or a temple of the sort which we had been so long seeking. It was in the columned gateway that we started excavating, a few days later; and it was a week before we found the first traces of the building which occupied the opposite end of the acropolis. Its size and importance could at once be judged from the thickness of the walls separating the chambers, which amounted to nearly six feet, and from the coating of white paint on their finely plastered faces. One of the first rooms to be cleared proved to be full of Assyrian pottery, including several complete vessels, and our highest hopes seemed about to be realised when, amongst the pottery, we discovered four small cuneiform tablets, one of which bore a date corresponding to the sixteenth year of the reign of the Assyrian king Esarhaddon—that is, 674 B.C.

By cutting trenches through the debris of later times, we were now able to ascertain the general shape and lay-out of the building, and also to see that there were ranges of out-buildings along the sides of the enclosure, which separated it from the columned gateway. In the end it was in one of these subsidiary chambers, and not in the main building itself, that our great discovery was made. Arranged in a rough semi-circle against the base of the wall was a line of huge wine-jars. The jars themselves were empty, but the whole space enclosed between them and the wall was stacked to a depth of over two feet with inscribed cuneiform tablets of all shapes and sizes, ranging from tiny cushioned-shaped memoranda to great heavy documents nearly a foot square. These clay tablets were in an unbaked condition and consequently extremely fragile; so that their extraction required the most meticulous care. But unhappily our time was running short; only sufficient money now remained for ten more working days. In that time it was possible to remove just over 150 tablets, but one could see that the hoard contained many times that number, and the remainder had to be sealed in and left until the excavations can be resumed this year.

When this find was made, there was no epigraphist in our party, and we had no clue whatever to the character of the documents which we were recovering. It was not until some weeks later that a preliminary examination could be made in Ankara by Dr. O. R. Gurney, the Oxford Assyriologist. It was then that the full significance of the find became known. For, instead of the dull and repetitive commercial documents and contracts which we had half suspected in view of all our previous frustrations, we appeared to have recovered a portion of an Assyrian library, containing fragments at least of the standard works of Mesopotamian literature. Furthermore, there were technical indications that, unlike the great Ninevite libraries discovered a century ago in the palaces of the Assyrian kings, this collection belonged to a temple. If this were so, the building must have been looted, and the tablets, being discarded as of no great value, had merely been stacked in a convenient outhouse. From a mass of standard prayers and hymns, rituals, omens, hemerologies, and vocabularies, it was possible to isolate a score or so of purely literary texts, and among them familiar titles began to be recognisable. These were for the most part Assyrian recopyings of the age-old classics of the Babylonian world: 'Enuma Elis', the Mesopotamian Song of Creation; 'Ludlul bel nemeqi', the Babylonian equivalent of the Book of Job; and others with a more historical flavour. Finally, a single, almost perfectly preserved tablet gave an extract from the famous Epic of Gilgamesh, which, by a stroke of extraordinary good fortune, covers a considerable gap in the text as it has previously stood.

'Oldest Poem in the World'

The Epic of Gilgamesh, which includes the Babylonian story of the Deluge, is almost certainly the oldest poem in the world. Turning the pages of the verse translation, produced by Campbell-Thomson some years ago, one finds oneself in an era of almost unimaginable antiquity. The walled cities of Sumer are still ruled by what Flecker called 'the world's first huge white-bearded kings', and, greatest of all among them, as steward of the archaic pantheon, Gilgamesh directs the affairs of ancient Erech. In the story of his long quest for the secret of eternal life, man's first stirrings of spiritual discontent becomes articulate, and among the unfamiliar images one recognises the gropings of a precocious intellect. The Epic of Gilgamesh is a work full of strangely moving passages, and the recovery of a lost fragment, however small, must be considered almost a literary event. We shall resume work this spring and hope definitely to identify the building at Sultantepe as a temple whose remains may throw new light on the Harranian moon cult. But in the meanwhile we are more than grateful for the *obiter dicta* of this eloquent site.—From a talk in the Third Programme

Science and Nonsense

By M. G. KENDALL

A GREAT many serious-minded people get a lot of pleasure out of nonsense. You might suppose that this was simply a form of escape; that people like scientists and mathematicians, being bound in their ordinary work by a most rigorous discipline of thought, go to the nonsensical for relaxation as being something as different as possible from their daily routine. This is probably true up to a point, but it gives only a part of the truth. The scientist not only gets pleasure out of good thorough-going nonsense; he gets profit as well.

Proving Napoleon a Myth

By nonsense I do not mean just gibberish, the kind of thing you get by letting a baby play with a typewriter or playing a gramophone record backwards. I mean something which is really absurd but does not sound like it the first time you hear it—the kind of thing which is sufficiently like sense to give you at first impression the feeling of being soundly argued and properly expressed. For example, there is the kind of nonsense which parodies a technique of scientific investigation. There was once a French *abbé* who set out to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte was a myth, and was to be identified with the sun god Apollo. The name, *Né apollon*, is obviously, at least in French, derived from Apollo, and *Bona parte* obviously derives from the fact that the sun reigns over the good part of the day. Both Napoleon and Apollo were born on islands in the Mediterranean. The rise and fall of Napoleon's career, rising on an island in the east and setting in an island in the west, is clearly an interpretation of the daily motion of the sun. Napoleon had three sisters, corresponding to Apollo's three sisters, the Graces. He had four brothers who represent the four seasons. The final retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow is clearly based on the winter solstice. And so you go on, in imitation of the mythologist, to build up a very convincing case for the thesis that Napoleon was a pure myth. There is, in fact, only one thing wrong with it. It is complete nonsense.

I myself was brought up in the strictest of scientific disciplines, mathematics, and practise in one of the driest, statistics. Unless you want to be facetious about it there are hardly two subjects which are less nonsensical. But we find that nonsense relationships play a very large part in giving us a real understanding of what we are doing. For example, outside the domain of the natural sciences we find very few exact laws. If we are given the volume and temperature of a given mass of gas we can find its pressure almost exactly. But if we know the heights of a married couple we cannot find in the same manner the height of their eldest child at a given age. Nevertheless the child's height is not independent of its parents' height. Tall parents tend to have children which are taller than the average. We express this by saying that there is a law concerning the statistical aggregate and that there is a positive correlation between children's height and parents' height. The theory of correlation or, more generally, of statistical dependence, underlies most current scientific inference.

You can lecture on this subject to students for weeks, and proceed to display quite a substantial mathematical theory of correlation for their instruction. If you are not careful they emerge from the course with no more idea how to apply the basic ideas in a common-sense way than an intelligent but uninstructed student. So we introduce them to a few examples where what they have learned leads to nonsense. For instance, over a period of years you find that the suicide rate and membership of the Church of England have been highly correlated. In the last thirty years there has been an extremely high correlation between the number of people listening to the radio and the number of individuals confined in mental institutions. These are nonsense correlations, but the point is that they are produced in much the same manner and by exactly similar techniques as meaningful correlations. It is not until the student knows how to recognise and explain the nonsense situations that he can be relied upon to draw proper scientific conclusions from the situations which do make sense. You have to be careful, of course, not to undermine the student's confidence by exhibiting the nonsense too soon in his learning of the subject. But at the appropriate time it acts as a

challenge to his common sense which, if he reacts properly, teaches him far more than a great deal of instruction in the 'sensical' fields.

The production of nonsense has, in fact, been one of the main stimuli to scientific inquiry. One of the Greek mathematicians and philosophers named Zeno invented several pieces of nonsense concerning motion; for example, the case of Achilles and the tortoise. If Achilles is chasing the tortoise and runs ten times as fast, but the tortoise has 100 yards start, then when Achilles has run that 100 yards the tortoise has gone an extra 10, when Achilles has run that 10 the tortoise has gone an extra one; and whenever Achilles has got to the point which the tortoise has just left, the tortoise has moved on. So he never catches it, which is patently nonsense. Nowadays we treat this paradox as a sort of intellectual toy; but it was not so to the Greek thinkers, or indeed to most philosophers up to the middle of the nineteenth century. We escaped from the dilemma only by inventing the idea of a limiting process and doing a great deal of hard work to explain what we mean by the phrase 'and so on'. The discovery of this particular piece of nonsense ultimately led to the development of the most powerful methods of modern mathematics, such as the differential and integral calculus.

One of the most fruitful and delightful sources of nonsense occurs by means of the development of false analogies—a useful field to examine because so much scientific thought proceeds by analogy. I myself would award one of the major prizes in this field to Stephen Leacock. In one of the 'Nonsense Novels' he introduces his hero, a stout seafaring character, by saying that his face is bronzed by the sun—and then he goes on: 'It was also silvered by the moon and even covered with little copper-coloured spots from the effect of the stars'. It was Leacock, by the way, who produced another gem of nonsense by parodying the mathematical argument known as *reductio ad absurdum*—the proof that something is true by supposing the opposite and producing a contradiction. He sets out to prove the proposition that if two men are staying at the same boarding-house and the rooms they occupy and the services they receive are equal, each to each, then will the bills they receive also be equal. For, he says, let us suppose the contrary to be true. Then one of the bills is the greater and the other occupant, having received equal services, is charged less than he might have been. Which is absurd.

'The Hunting of the Snark'

It is impossible to get very far into the subject of nonsense, particularly in a British context, without coming up against the greatest master of the subject who ever lived, the Oxford mathematician-Lewis Carroll. His *Hunting of the Snark*, so far as I know, is unique in literature in having not only nonsense sequences but a nonsense plot. A number of characters whose names all begin with a B (for no reason at all) set out to hunt for an animal of dangerous habits called a Snark. One of the party, the Baker, is particularly susceptible to a sub-species of snark called a boojum, for if he sees one he must softly and suddenly vanish away. The whole interest of the chase depends on the question whether the snark they find will turn out to be a boojum—a completely nonsensical proposition. And yet, in some extraordinary way, the reader is worked up into an interest in the question, which is resolved in the affirmative only in the last line of the epic. And if you think all this is ridiculous and beneath the notice of grave and serious-minded adults, you may care to know that the students of the theory of probability are still discussing the question whether one can take an even chance on the truth of any proposition whose meaning is not known. The proposition that the snark was a boojum has been specifically mentioned in those discussions.

It is not, I think, an accident that the scene of Alice's second set of adventures is Looking-glass Land. The mirror image and the curious inversion which takes place between left and right in the looking-glass has attracted the notice of a good many writers and thinkers. The distinction between left- and right-handed images has always been something of a puzzle, particularly since the discovery by Pasteur of

(continued on page 674)

NEWS DIARY

April 16-22

Wednesday, April 16

Minister of Transport attends meeting of Cabinet. British Transport Commission makes statement about suspension by Minister of Transport of increases in railway fares outside London

Egyptian Ambassador calls on Foreign Secretary with message from Egyptian Prime Minister

General Eisenhower starts round of farewell visits in Brussels. He is chosen as Republican presidential candidate in New Jersey primary election

Thursday, April 17

Report of Central Transport Consultative Committee is published stating that new London passenger fares are justified

Government proposes to adopt the guillotine procedure to accelerate passage of Health Service Bill

Motor industry announces changes in method of allocating new cars to the home market

Friday, April 18

South African Prime Minister challenges the Opposition to fight next General Election on question of 'Coloured Voters' Act

British Ambassador in Cairo recalled to London to take part in talks

Forty-eight persons injured in railway accident in Yorkshire

Saturday, April 19

Government publishes statement on powers of Minister of Transport

Minister of Housing announces that in February more than 230,000 houses were being built

Governor-General of the Sudan leaves Khartoum to take part in London talks

Sunday, April 20

French operations against Vietminh rebels reported to be making good progress

Special Anzac services held throughout Australia to commemorate dead of two world wars

Secretary of State for War visits units of British Army of the Rhine

Monday, April 21

Death of Sir Stafford Cripps in Switzerland (see page 661)

Prime Minister answers questions on fares
Mr. Eden opens consultations on Egypt

Tuesday, April 22

Tributes to Sir Stafford Cripps paid in House of Commons

Economic Survey for 1952-3 published

President of Board of Trade makes announcement about cotton imports

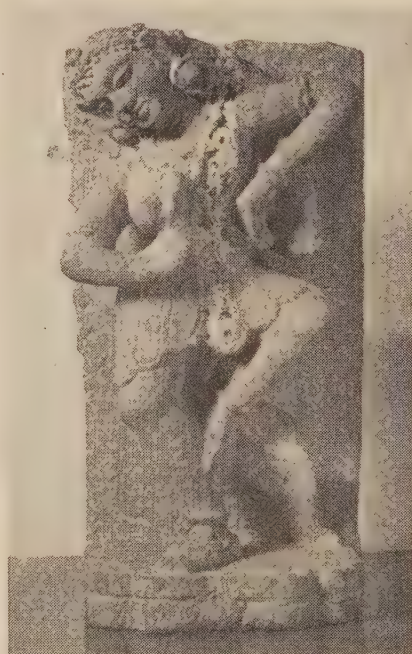
South African Government announces proposal to establish High Court of Parliament



Her Majesty the Queen reviewing the Grenadier Guards at Windsor Castle on April 21, her twenty-sixth birthday. The parade marked the end of the Queen's colonelcy of the regiment, held by her since 1942



Amr Pasha, the Egyptian Ambassador, arriving at London Airport on April 16. He later had discussions with Mr. Eden and delivered a message to him from the Egyptian Prime Minister, Hilal



Apsara (celestial dancing girl) in stone from Orissa, c. thirteenth century (owned by Mrs. H. M. Calmann): from the exhibition 'The Arts of India and China' now on view at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London



Daffodils carpeting the lawns of Trent House, the late Sir Stafford Cripps' mansion at Cockfosters, Middlesex, which is now a training centre for the Home Office, in a photograph taken in last Saturday's midsummer weather, the warmest April day since 1949

Right: mountain goat triplets, born at the London Zoo last week, as they basked in the sunshine with their mother when they were first seen to the public for the first time on Saturday



April 17, the first anniversary of the loss of the submarine 'Affray', a memorial service for the seventy-five officers and men who lost their lives when she failed to surface, was on board the 'Alliance', her sister-ship, as she cruised off Alderney in the area where 'Affray' was lost. Members of the crew of the 'Alliance' are seen lining the deck as the submarine left Portsmouth with wreaths which they scattered on the water during the service on behalf of the relatives of the dead men and various branches of the Royal Navy. The flowers formed a trail stretching more than a mile



An aerial view of a farm near Blencoe, Iowa, round which a dyke has been constructed, holding out against the floodwaters of the Missouri River last week. The floods—which reached a level never before recorded—have caused widespread havoc in the Middle West States of the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys: over a million acres of farmland have been inundated and more than 100,000 people are estimated to have been forced to abandon their homes (hundreds have had to be rescued by boat and helicopter). President Truman, who flew over the flooded area on April 16, said that he would renew his demands to Congress for a national flood-control programme



A. G. Law (Raynes Park) putting the weight in the Schools' Challenge Cup meeting at the White City Stadium on April 18



Demolition work is now in progress on the roof of the Festival of Britain Dome of Discovery: a workman preparing to haul himself up to the top of the roof by rope



A giant astrolabe for the town hall at Oslo has recently been completed in Strasbourg: a photograph taken in the workshop where it was constructed



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(continued from page 671)

what are called racemic forms of certain substances, and the realisation that nature is uni-dextrous in the sense that only right-handed or left-handed molecules are produced by living organism, whereas in a laboratory experiment one usually encounters a mixture of both. If you ever want to start a discussion, I can recommend a subject which I have spent many profitable hours discussing with psychologists: can a radially symmetric organism like a jelly-fish have a set of traffic rules?

It is worthy of reflection that all this nonsense in *Alice* was produced, not by a mentally unstable person or a schizophrenic, but by a sedate Oxford mathematician. Perhaps it was an escape from his sedateness, his mathematics and the atmosphere of Oxford, but the form which it took is significant of the close relation between sense and good nonsense. *Through the Looking Glass* is, in fact, a bedside book for mathematicians. Many of them quote it and find in it illustrations of their basic ideas. Two successive holders of the Plumian Chair of Astronomy at Cambridge, Eddington and Jeffreys, have frequently quoted extracts at the head of chapters of their books, and it provides an inexhaustible store of texts for discourses on philosophical and scientific matters.

There is, of course, a certain relativity about nonsense. Altogether apart from its humorous content, which may or may not appeal to particular individuals, the question whether any passage is appreciated as good nonsense or not will depend on the background of knowledge and the sense of discrimination of the individual mind to whose attention it is brought. In order that nonsense shall be appreciated, at least three things are necessary: sufficient intelligence to realise when and where sense degenerates into nonsense; an ability to take pleasure in play, that is to say, comparative freedom from an overriding anxiety about other things; and a self-confidence in knowing which really is sense and which is nonsense. It is this last element of self-confidence which, I think, is the most important in British humour, particularly of the nonsense kind. You have to have a tremendous degree of self-reliance on your own mental stability to enjoy disturbing it; you have to have a great confidence in your command over a language to play with it until it becomes nonsense. A scholar once translated 'Jabberwocky' into Latin, but no schoolboy and very few adults would think it was funny in that language. It is too much like the real thing.

During the nineteenth century the British had two advantages. First, their industrial and naval strength and a long history of freedom from internal wars gave them a sense of security such as few nations have ever possessed: their self-confidence and self-sufficiency were appalling. Second, they possessed a well developed and flexible language, with, again, a long and splendid history. In such circumstances they could afford to take liberties with their language without essentially feeling that their position or their sacred beliefs were under attack. Gilbert was able to write rhymes about the Constitution which would get him liquidated in half the countries of the world today. It was in this atmosphere of self-confidence that nonsense literature arose, and I am strongly inclined to think that this was no accident. Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll were typical Victorians. You do not normally think of the Victorian era as an era of nonsense, and indeed it was far from being so; but it was an era in which nonsense could flourish.

So let us hope that there is a future for good nonsense, both for pleasure and for profit. It is by means of investigations into disease that we learn about the mechanism of the healthy state. Much of our knowledge of normal psychology is derived from a study of the mind in derangement or in abnormal states. What I am suggesting is that our knowledge and understanding of sound reasoning processes is promoted by a consideration of what happens when those processes go astray. Perhaps we ought to begin to study systematically the pathology of logic. I am not yet sure whether the subject of nonsense is sufficiently far advanced or worth advancing to constitute a theory. There is always a faint feeling of uneasiness about setting up theories on any branch of intellectual activity which gives us pleasure, partly on the ground that a scientific examination may take the fun out of it and partly on the ground that a new branch of science is apt to attract a number of heavy-handed writers who miss the real point. Let us, then, leave in abeyance the question whether nonsense requires a theory, and put the thought in a more limited way by saying that it merits serious scientific attention.

Altogether apart from the pleasure we derive in nonsense, I think there is a good deal to be said for studying its history and morphology seriously. There is no opinion so absurd, said Pascal, that it has not been held by some philosopher. Only by studying the absurd can we hope to attain a complete understanding of sound thought.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

French Difficulties in North Africa

Sir,—Mr. Landau, in the letter which you published on April 10, refers to a quotation from Marshal Lyautey, which has been used hundreds of times both by Istiqlal leaders and French reactionaries. Lyautey was at heart an old-style monarchist. What he admired in the Moroccan institutions was absolute power—political, religious, and judicial—appertaining to the crown. These institutions were only 'real' in theory, as were the French institutions at the time of the 100-years' war, when Charles VII, rightly described by the English as the 'king of Bourges', had his kingdom limited to a few cities in the Loire valley. Two-thirds of what is today Moroccan territory was escaping the control of the Sultan, when not in open rebellion. This was much more than a 'difficult period'; it had been for generations a chronic state of affairs. Five years before the first French soldier set foot in Casablanca, a pretender to the throne, Bou Hamara, had risen in Taza. It took the Sultan seven years to get rid of him. Bou Hamara was then carried to Fes in a cage and thrown to His Majesty's lions. This did not happen in our Middle Ages, but in 1909. Abd-el-Krim, in 1933, besides being a nationalist, was also a pretender to the throne. Had the French left Morocco, the Pasha of Marrakech would not only be the conservative rival of a conservative Sultan he would

at present be at war with him. For there are still in Morocco a few hundred thousand men who would be only too delighted to loot the cities, whoever their local leaders might be.

The mortality rate remains very high indeed in Morocco. (Much higher than in Egypt or Iraq? I would like to see the figures.) Does Mr. Landau think it was lower forty years ago, when the country had not a single hospital or dispensary, nor a single doctor worthy of that name? In Algeria, the neighbouring country, the mortality rate, in the Moslem population has come down from 20 per 1,000 to 11 per 1,000 (just 1 per 1,000 higher than in the 'European' population) in the last thirty years. The Moroccan record would very likely be the same if the French had arrived earlier.

In my talk on the Third Programme, I said: 'The French have succeeded in creating wealth'. But I added: 'They have partly failed to devise an equitable system of distribution'. I also said: 'I have no intention of suggesting that North Africa is not still a long way off from democracy; nor that poverty in any sense has been wiped out'. Is it quite fair to quote the first sentence and to suppress the others? I am no more an admirer of the social regime which prevails in Morocco, under the present French administration, than is Mr. Landau. Very far from it. But the French settlers are not the only

ones who get the profits. The main financial supporters of the Istiqlal are Moroccans who have made huge fortunes either by graft or in the black market during the war, and who are going on increasing their wealth by methods which belong to the most classical kind of profiteering. Is this the school for democracy where they intend to teach? Last year, the Resident General submitted to the 'Pa'ace' a decree providing sanctions against bribery and corruption. The Sultan has not yet been willing to sign it, though the victims of official bribery are obviously not the French, but his own beloved subjects. Finally, I never said that 'were Morocco (and Tunisia) given independence, chaos would be the outcome'. I said it—and I do think it—of Morocco only. Of Tunisia, I said, on the contrary: 'Tunisia appears to deserve a more liberal status than it has at present'. This hardly lends itself to Mr. Landau's interpretation.—Yours, etc.,

Paris

PIERRE FRÉDÉRIX

Morocco and the Tradition of Lyautey

Sir,—I rubbed my ears when listening to Mr. Edelman's talk on Morocco. Could this be a member of the Labour Party? His recognition of Lyauteyism reminds that this differs little in essence from President Truman's Point 4 policy.—aid to backward peoples.

Mr. Edelman will allow me to point out one omission in his talk. He told us of the squalid *bidonvilles* (tin-towns) on the outskirts of Moroccan towns. He failed to mention the complete new little *medinas*, or native quarters, each housing 9,000, which are being built—as round Safi, near Casablanca. I ventured to christen them 'Medinettes'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

FERDINAND TUOHY

Plight of the Middle Classes

Sir,—Although Mr. John Beavan's talk on the middle classes happily represented more objective pleading than its title implied, its assumption seems characteristic enough of much writing on the same theme to deserve comment. The salaried middle classes, Mr. Beavan rightly observes, look back on pre-war days 'as a golden age which may never be repeated in their lifetime'. And in his concluding sentence, he tentatively suggests 'that when production increases, the middle classes will get a reasonable share of the national product and . . . enough pay . . . to provide at least the traditional necessities'.

This gets at the heart of the matter and states the popular (middle class) case on contemporary middle class hardship and its remedy. But do we really all accept the argument that there is a traditional standard of living for the middle classes that it is our duty to uphold? Or should we at least show caution when it is sentimentally linked with the 'golden age' that saw the extensive poverty and unemployment of the pre-war years? Part of the middle class complaint is that the income gap between the salaried and the wage earner has been narrowed. Yet is this in itself a bad thing or may the new differential conform nearer to a just pattern of rewards? These questions and others like them seem to receive scantier attention than they deserve. No one doubts that the middle classes are feeling the pinch. But perhaps in the long run the healthy solution to the problem is to encourage social readjustment on the part of the middle classes and not morbid self-pity.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.9

W. T. RODGERS

Christian and Liberal Values

Sir,—May I suggest that Dr. John Baillie's exegesis of the parable of the Good Samaritan (in his talk printed in THE LISTENER of April 17) is seriously misleading? He says that Jesus' reply to the lawyer's question, 'Who is my neighbour?' amounted to 'anybody with whom I come into any kind of contact, even if it be in the most accidental way'. But surely this is precisely what Jesus did not say? The lawyer had enunciated the old and universally accepted ethical principles of the Jews (and not, incidentally, of the Jews alone) that one should love one's neighbour as oneself. Jesus approved it. The lawyer then asked the obvious question: 'But who is my neighbour?'—for if I am to 'love' indiscriminately 'anybody with whom I come into any kind of contact, even if it be in the most accidental way' as I love, for example, those nearest and dearest to me, then the word 'love' is a loose term, meaning little, if anything, but 'general benevolence'.

To answer the lawyer, Jesus tells the story of the Good Samaritan and then asks which of the three travellers was 'neighbour' to the wounded man—that is to say, which of the three the victim is to 'love as he loves himself'? The answer is, obviously and immediately, 'He that showed mercy on him', that is to say, the Samaritan. Jesus' point is, specifically, that I am to love as I love myself the man who behaves to me as the Samaritan behaved to the man who fell among thieves, for he is my 'neighbour'. That I am also to behave as

the Samaritan behaved to a wayfarer in distress goes without saying—for that is the teaching of the natural moral law. But the Christian is to go one further: he is to love the man who has put him under an obligation (which is difficult enough in itself) even when that man is personally unknown to him and belongs to an intensely hated community. (If one substitutes 'Nazi' for 'Samaritan' one would get a rough modern equivalent of the effect on the Jews who heard the parable.)

This may seem a small point to raise, but in these days when so much pre-Christian ethics is presented as if it were specifically Christian teaching, one is perhaps occasionally permitted to recall that the two are not identical—quite apart from the fact that, in this case, the Samaritan is traditionally regarded as the type of Jesus himself, who rescued us and whom 'we love because He first loved us'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Sir,—Sir W. Hamilton Fyfe is technically right in saying that apart from *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, A. E. Housman published no other prose, except on classical subjects. But Housman's *Introductory Lecture* delivered at University College, London, in 1892, was privately printed in that year and again in 1933, Housman desiring to have it stated that the Council of University College, not I, had the lecture printed. It was finally published in 1937 by the Cambridge University Press, with a foreword by A. S. F. Gow. Its matter is not specially classical; indeed its theme is summed up in the final sentence: 'So long as the mind of man is what it is, it will continue to exult in advancing on the unknown, throughout the infinite field of the universe; and the tree of knowledge will remain for ever, as it was in the beginning, a tree to be desired to make one wise'.—Yours, etc.,

Yeovil

L. E. REES

The Social Services

Sir,—Mr. Powell, in his talk printed in THE LISTENER of April 17 on the social services, suggests simultaneously that the benefits of the social services should be concentrated where they are needed, and that insurance benefits should be raised to subsistence level. But these are opposite principles. Mr. Powell suggests that the benefits of the social services should only be given after ascertainment of need, while the increased insurance benefits he advocates are paid irrespective of need. He ingeniously tries to escape from illogicality by calling National Insurance 'self-provision', not a social service, as it is not redistributive between rich and poor. But it is redistributive between those who are earning and those whose earning capacity is impaired, and the rate services are also financed by an unprogressive tax but are none the less usually classed as social services. It seems probable that Mr. Powell suffers from the old confusion between voluntary insurance, which is self-provision, and compulsory insurance which links particular taxes, paid as contributions, with specified benefits.

Mr. Powell rightly says that on socialist principles it is unnecessary to have the elaborate administrative apparatus of National Insurance. (Nor is a means-test a necessary alternative, none being attached, for instance, to children's allowances.) But is it necessary to have National Insurance on tory principles either? Should not the selves make their own provision? The practical advantages of regressively financed social security, from a tory point of view, seems to have prevented even discussion of the logical conclusion of Mr. Powell's argument.

Mr. Powell has not discussed the difficulty of making insurance benefits sufficient for sub-

sistence, including rent, and financing them out of contributions. Some of the lowest income groups would be brought down to subsistence level by the high contributions they would have to pay. And if the National Insurance Fund is subsidised, there is no self-provision.

Confused tory principles are not as yet opposed by defined socialist principles applied to the social services, but from the policy discussions now proceeding in the Labour Party it is hoped that a clear alternative will emerge.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

JOAN THOMPSON

The United Nations and War Crimes

Sir,—In his broadcast in the Third Programme on April 1, Dr. A. L. Goodhart dismissed *in toto* the views expressed by Viscount Maugham in his recently published book, *U.N.O. and War Crimes*. He maintained that the decision of the victors in 1945 to act as accusers and judges of the prisoners of war in their hands arose from an entirely novel conception which they proceeded flawlessly to execute.

Dr. Goodhart's classical colleagues at Oxford should be able to convince him that there was at least nothing novel in this conception. Over 2,000 years ago, in 329 B.C. to be precise, the Persian patriot Bessos was brought to trial as a war criminal by his Greek captors. Alexander the Great appointed himself prosecuting counsel, and having delivered an eloquent appeal for a conviction, assumed the role of presiding judge and delivered judgment with a dignity unsurpassed even at Nürnberg. The prisoner was duly convicted and sentenced to be tortured to death.

Dr. Goodhart quoted with approval a recent obiter dictum that an accused person is not entitled as of right to an impartial trial but only to a fair trial. This may sound convincing until the question is asked who is to decide whether a trial be fair or not. Obviously neither the accused nor his accusers are fitted to decide this. Only if it be judged fair by an impartial opinion can a trial be considered fair. There is no other possible test. This obiter dictum is therefore quite meaningless.

Dr. Goodhart pays yet another glowing tribute to the dignity with which the judgment of the Nürnberg Tribunal was pronounced. It would have been more relevant to his argument, however, had he dealt with the indisputable fact that this judgment included the condemnation of at least one of the occupants of the dock who was innocent even of the 'ersatz' crime of which he was accused. No personal turpitude of any kind was even alleged against Admiral Raeder. He was charged only with the newly created crime of having planned an aggressive war, in that he had prepared plans for the invasion of neutral Norway. We have now the authority of Mr. Churchill himself for saying that the British Admiralty also committed this 'ersatz' crime for precisely the same reasons. The facts as now disclosed will be found well summarised in Lord Hankey's *Politics: Trials and Errors*, pages 70-79.

Reference to the trial of Bessos in 329 B.C. disproves Dr. Goodhart's contention that the war trials of 1945 were novel in conception: reference to the condemnation of Admiral Raeder refutes his contention that these trials were faultlessly carried out.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton

F. J. P. VEALE

The *Annual Bulletin of Historical Literature* (No. XXXVI), dealing with 'Publications of the Year 1950', has now been published by the Historical Association, price 2s. 7d. post free. In it acknowledged experts list historical works according to periods, Dr. Gooch concluding with a survey of contemporary history, 1914-1950.

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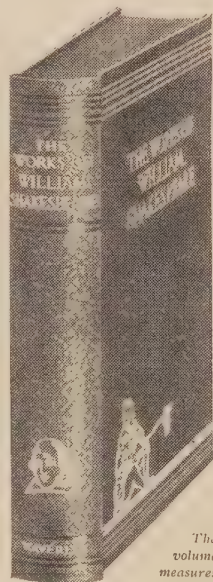
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The Petrified Muse

By FRANÇOIS DUCHÊNE

OUR poets today are not happy about their poetry. Nor are their critics. Most of them are concerned that the little renaissance of the 'thirties should have evaporated so soon, and all of them are aware that they have added to it no glorious afterglow. Today it is still the elderly poets who are producing what there is of important work. The newcomers, whose springtime was, roughly speaking, the war years, do not promise to fill the gaps their mentors must sooner or later leave.

Desert Streams

The young poets recognise their poverty. But it leads them only into superficial reaction against their predecessors, whose impress—Mr. Eliot's in particular—has, in fact, been oppressively heavy. It leads them also into reaction, more than is normal, against each other. Continually, new groups announce a fresh welling of inspiration and opinion, or desire for opinion, which fades like a desert stream back into the sand from which it sprang. They set off for Cythera and end up in George Fraser's 'Egypt' where 'the desert slays'.

Who knows the world, the flesh, the compromises
Would go back to the theory in the book:
Who knows the place the poster advertises
Back to the poster for another look.

A volume published in 1950 by one of the most able of the younger poets, Mr. David Gascoyne, is revealing in this respect. It is called, a little pathetically, *A Vagrant*.* In it, as *The Times Literary Supplement's* reviewer noted:

Recurring images of the solitary and of night are set over against the sheep-like, patiently queueing, conventionally 'religious', but spiritually dead 'business-driven' aggregate of average citizens which is Gascoyne's vision of society; the individual religious quest against the conventional disciplines of 'The World'—'a confederacy of lone wolf-hearted birds'. Such an antithesis isn't new.

One is tempted to add that also it is overdone. When Gascoyne prays that

Unblessed let me go
And join the honest tribe of patient prisoners and ex-
Convicts and all such victims of the guilt
Society dare not admit its own

the inversion of normal values is just too sharp. One doubts whether it really comes of observation or of suppressed pains grafted onto a tradition of 'anti-bourgeois' poetry which bids one crudely: '*cherchez le business man*'. The concept of the individual against society is nineteenth-century revolutionary anarchism at its simplest. The notion was of course originally hopeful. But not now. Now it is clearly Mr. Gascoyne who is 'the solitary', the victim much more than the opponent of the nightmare society of his vision. He seems to be at a loss how to act on his environment. The whole heritage of revolt that pierces again and again through his images and apprehensions has grown inward and become strangely passive.

The mood of *A Vagrant* is one of a weary hankering after perfection and security. Are perfection and security compatible? The question is to the point when one considers Gascoyne's prescription for the future. He wants the Christian revolution, the true moral revolution stripped of murder and political immorality and intolerance. Clearly this embodies a profound truth—that no immoral revolution can create a moral world. But there is something about the Christian revolution that, alas, offends against all the evidence. Revolutions like the present are not, and never have been, painless. To cling to it as a main theme today without continually questioning its implications, root and branch, leads the poet to seek a refuge and a magic rather than a way of life. Mr. Gascoyne, then, proclaims his individuality in terms which assume the existence of some universal perfection and of revolution as the key to it. But he does not know, except in a purely abstract verbal way, what he wants the revolution for. Nor does he accept the violence of the available instruments of change.

Most of the writers of these early 'fifties would probably consider

themselves traditionalists. Yet they are nearly all in Mr. Gascoyne's spiritual dilemma. Whether, like Mr. Vernon Watkins in his rhapsodies, they celebrate a rather hollow cult of faith; or like Mr. Barker and the apocalyptics, hide their anxiety in a bushel of angry destructive words; or again, like Mr. Roy Fuller, lament from the standpoint of the Doomed Man, their frustration seems to stem from their own failing slogans from the past, rather than their theme. This has troubled even some of the older, prominent poets who have cast their nets round universals. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the Trivial Unhappy Unjust City in Auden's *Age of Anxiety*, or the vague inflated will to prophesy in so much of Dr. Sitwell's later verse, both testify to a certain unbalance.

And in the newer poets who have grown through, rather than passed into, their present difficulties, the disease is more profound. Their tragedy is not that they are minor or personal writers—Dylan Thomas and John Betjeman are both and triumphantly so. It is that theirs is minor writing invaded by the doubt of major preoccupations they do not squarely face. In the most sensitive and percipient of them, like Nicholas Moore, there is clear evidence of a shrinking from contact with brutish realities. As Livy says: 'We have got to such a point that we can neither stand our vices nor the remedies which would rid us of them'.

This basic confusion has opened the door to another: the intellectual confusion that results from the unquestioning acceptance of many of the dogmas formulated by their elders for themselves. Mr. T. S. Eliot's influence, aided and abetted by the so-called 'New Criticism', has been decisive. But Eliot, it is not sufficiently realised, was always a partisan. His critical writing is almost invariably a correction of other critics' views, an attack on particular romantic prejudices. His analysis of detail is brilliantly precise and accurate; but he was not, and given his overriding subjective anxieties perhaps could never have been, a systematic thinker. Being a modest man, he has recognised this. But his admirers have not, and by generalising his apprehensions into the semblance of a system they have obscured a great number of issues for the young artist, obscured, too, some common sense, and provided the unconfident writer with slogans more critical than creative which he was only too eager to adopt as his own. The minor poets have, as it were, only half a tradition to work on unless they can find one for themselves. The list of half-truths which are now the copper coinage of the poetic saloon bars is instructive.

Too Much Emphasis on Form

There is, for instance, an insistence on craft. No one talks of a genius and few of a poet today. He is a 'major' writer or a practitioner'. This springs directly from the belief in the overpowering value of critical intelligence in poetry and, less consciously, from the desire to make the artist independent of the values he expresses. It is an ingenious form of doubt, of rejection of the artist's moral quality. It is perilously near art for art's sake, but it is more respectable, as if someone should say 'That's a poet', in the way that people say now 'This is my dentist', or 'Here's my tailor'. It has been carried to great lengths. There is a tendency nowadays to put precision and a capacity for hard work above all the other artistic virtues. That is good enough when the poet has already got something to say, but it confirms the half-creative in their sterility because it turns the eye on to the surface, not to the depths of inspiration. The drawback of such emphasis on form is evident again in one of the commonest solecisms of recent unwarily enthusiastic criticism. It consists in trying to prove that poetry with 'unified sensibility', that is, where there has been a tight union at source of critical intellect and imaginative apprehension, is innately superior to the over-famous 'dissociated sensibility' of post-Miltonic verse. It is on this score that a critic—and not altogether a bad critic—tried last year to raise Coventry Patmore above Browning and Tennyson in the hierarchy of Victorian poets. Examples of this kind could be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is enough to say that, with canons like these to guide him, the unconfident writer has become the

'type' of the modern poet. The usual approach to art today is one of paralysing reverence and care.

The poets tend to blame society for their diffidence: for instance, Nicholas Moore's depressed plaint:

Being a writer only, of various
Indifferent themes, I am a poor man,
Poor in thought, poor in wealth;
(A writer's trade being a poor man's trade) . . .

The plaint is echoed by Barker's metallic one:

O exiled masters in the sky
With a cold gaze look down
And see your legitimate dynasty
Inheriting half-a-crown.

And Stephen Spender devotes numerous articles yearly to musings on the artist's situation in America, in Britain, and *sub specie aeternitatis*.

'Neglected' Poets

There is certainly a problem here. It is hard on a poet's output that he has to work for his living. It is hard perhaps on the poet himself that he cannot find a disinterested patron. It is harder still that as an artist he feels he stands in the margin of a busy but deficient world. Yet, reduced to their practical proportions, these difficulties are a nuisance, not a crime. After all, a job will often compensate a writer in the mental range he gains for the leisure that he loses. Patronage, too, has always implied, and still does imply, service—to man or state; and the modern poet is not apt to consider himself a servant. As for the isolation, this is largely at best a matter of ideology. In a world of Arts Councils and a widespread literary consciousness, what other explanation is there for the apocalyptic fervour which artists like Barker and Comfort seem to bring to their attack on neglectful society?

What then is the trouble? I think to understand that we must first remember we are still the children of the Romantics. Romanticism was born of the hopes of infinite expansion which the industrial revolution stimulated and of the comparison between these hopes and the sores of contemporary life. But when he plunges out of the dissatisfaction he knows into the ideal future he can at best guess at, a man has only his instinct to guide him. Soon, too, he projects his feelings into a creed. Self-projection is not far from self-inflation and self-obsession. It was, therefore, in the nature of things likely to become the most important element in Romanticism. Likelihood turned to certainty when the first flush of political optimism faded in the eighteen-forties and when, turning from the world at large, the poets were driven into the belief that even if man was not socially or 'corporally' free, at least his 'essence' was. This was the faith of Baudelaire and the Symbolists, whose main symbol was the 'Voyage', the false image of fruitful search.

O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancrage. Ce pays nous ennuie, o Mort! Appareillons! . . . Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau, Plonger au fond du gouffre. Enfer ou Ciel qu'importe? Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

Two results came of this impasse. The first was a growing pessimism. Rimbaud went silent, Mallarmé opaque. Eliot, Rilke, Valéry unveiled themselves as monuments of diffidence. Despite the superficial revival of confidence when the Marxist 'thirties seemed for a while to offer the solution where Shelleyesque Romanticism had failed, the mood has persisted down to the mid-century. Our present anarchic paralysis is merely the last stage of a single development.

The second result of the impasse was that the poets, sensing without realising that they had reached the end of a blind alley, were tempted (as men usually are in this hard position) to burst through the wall of impossibility before them rather than move right away from it. The search for 'pure' essences became more and more single-minded, the related desire for 'freedom', more and more uncensored. So we get even Yeats tearing through old age and the occult to hell-gates; and Apollinaire and the Surrealists, who end up by denying all syntax and purposive action. When a Claudel or an Eliot does find a faith or a creed, its conservatism has no appeal to generations without a reason for believing in the past. At last, the bewildered minor poets come to associate all that is forward-looking and moral with an anarchy that is very near to nihilism. That seems to be the point of chaotic paralysis that we have reached. Can we change the situation?

Determining it all today is fear, a sense of the failing vitality of Europe and all that Europe stands for. The western European after thirty years of continuous crisis, is ready to feel himself a victim of the future.

Yet it is obvious that his lack of faith in the value of his own society is exaggerated. There has been something like the long-awaited social revolution since 1939 and British society in 1952 is by all precedents not a bad one. There is still a division between the working-class mentality and that of most of the rest of the community. But in this effort to link the two and to serve the dignity of men rather than of the abstract mammal, Man, it seems to me clear that the western countries, especially the Nordic and Anglo-Saxon ones, are in the west better equipped than the communist states. It is one of the basic moral resources that we possess and did not twenty years ago.

But, and this is what is too rarely admitted, all the good intentions in the world for the dignity of men will be useless if the constant pressure of external events and, above all, the fears and disorganisation stemming from them undermine humanitarian efforts which need security as their basis. Crisis in Korea, in Malaya, in Indo-China, Iran, and Egypt; confusedly the fear of the loss of empire becomes the fear that once the dykes of absolute power give way the flood will engulf the home. It is a fear which should be brought into the open to be both accepted and rejected. For in violently changing times we must learn to distinguish between what are essentials and what are not. And the essential for westerners living in a contracting kingdom is that they should believe with confidence in their own right to think, to feel, and to believe at last, in their own independent way and not in any other, however excellent, that might be imposed from without. The rest, once this is accepted, is only ways and means. But if hidden fears are allowed to confuse these issues the moral defeat of thinkers and artists will be complete.

The hardest military operation is a partial retreat in good order. It is even harder as a psychological one. But the artist today has one major aesthetic asset to draw on: he already has the stylistic instrument at hand to express the antinomy between the fears engendered by relative decline and the hopes that remain in the residual possibilities of the European values he inherits. Baroque art, with its intellectual use of myth, allegory, and symbol, its elaborate forms and lurking disintegrative violence, was built up on a somewhat dissimilar tension. Perhaps what will prove to be the most lasting gift of the poets of the first half of the century—except, of course, their poetry—is that on a ground of doubt and diffidence they worked out a new baroque style. Whether it is Britten in music, Sutherland in painting, or Eliot, Auden, Yeats in poetry, the style evolved is basically the same. The ideological unity which almost unawares has crept up on the world so that today there is probably less difference between Russian, American, and British than between all of them and their fathers, gives it also a unified language of assumptions that Yeats, Eliot, or Auden lacked.

The second half of the century needs merely to develop and transpose the style bequeathed it by its parent. If it does so boldly and with courage it has, I think, as much chance of achievement as any of its predecessors. But if it retains, in whatever disguise, the present fears and timidity before the common problems that surround us, there seems to be no hope for it at all. There has been much seasonal talk lately of a second Elizabethan age. It depends on us, not on the Muse of History, that the hope should be fulfilled.—*Third Programme*

Halt

The slow train halted where bare trees
Dozed in a sunlit winter's noon.
A valley-road on the other side
Ran where a grey stone park wall stood
And tangled thickets of a wood
Caught up great bunches, dead and dried,
Of the wild clematis, Old Man's Beard
Or Traveller's Joy.

And so I stared.
And while the dusty window-glass
Let the pale dry sunshine pass
To touch the old upholsteries
And warm the dusty coach and me,
Purified by what appeared
The sweetness of that nudity,
I heard someone stretch and yawn
In the compartment next to me.

F. T. PRINCE

Gardening

Plants to Grow in the Shade

By FRANCES PERRY

A GOOD gardener can always be recognised by the use he makes of unpropitious spots. He looks upon them as opportunities. They represent a challenge, but at the same time enable him to grow plants which would not succeed anywhere else in the garden. Shady positions worry many people, but providing the soil is moist there is no need for concern. Many plants prefer these places, and can only be happy away from strong sunlight.

Before planting the north side of your garden, examine the soil. If this is dry, you must work in material capable of holding moisture during the summer months. There are a number of suitable materials, such as peat, compost, leaf mould, or spent hops. Among the most beautiful subjects for shady borders are hardy ferns. I sometimes wonder if we sufficiently appreciate the cool green colour of their leaves in spring and the intricate laciness of their fronds. Most hardy ferns can be safely transplanted now, providing you take a ball of soil with the roots. Plant them firmly in position and water them in afterwards. They will last a lifetime in the same position, growing bigger and better every year. Two which I find particularly beautiful are the Shuttlecock Fern, so-called because the fronds are arranged in a circle like a shuttlecock or a round waste-paper basket—they are soft and yielding and about three feet tall; and the Prickly Fern. The fronds of the Prickly Fern are like lace and made up of thousands of leaflets. It is one of the most beautiful ferns I know. All along the stem, and tufted at the base, are rusty red scales, which accentuate the greenness of the fronds.

Then, amongst these ferns, you can grow bluebells and primroses, Solomon's seal and lilies of the valley; or, if you would like something new, the foam flower. Its proper name is *Tiarella*—look for it at Kew or the Royal Horticultural Society gardens at Wisley. The foam flower grows nine to twelve inches high, with ivy-shaped leaves which are hairy to touch. The flowers are borne on spikes, densely packed on many stems. They are creamy white and delightfully fragrant.

Another difficult garden situation is round the trunks of spreading trees. Here the ground is often so dry and dusty during the summer months that only a bird, keen on having a dust bath, would really

appreciate it. This is the position for the dwarf or baby cyclamen. These grow only a few inches high, but they carpet the ground and last years and years in the same position. Some kinds flower in spring and others in September and October. Corms of the autumn ones can be planted now. They are flat and round, not much larger than a sixpence when you first get them, but as the years go on they grow and grow, until old specimens become as large as a teaplate. About September the flowers appear, dainty and in a swan-like pose rather like a ballerina. There is one called *Cyclamen neapolitanum* which has pink flowers, and a form of it with white blossoms. The leaves, too, are beautiful at all seasons.

Every housewife should grow chives. You can sow the seed now and it will make sizeable clumps by autumn. Sow it in shallow drills in a sheltered spot out of doors. The plants are hardy, and produce throughout the year quantities of grassy leaves, five or six inches high, with a mild onion flavour. They are particularly good chopped up between bread and butter or used in salads. If you already have chives growing in your garden, now is the time to divide up the old clumps. They make excellent edging plants and have attractive mauve heads of flower.

Have you ever grown the round-leaved mint known as Bowles' variety? It is far superior to most kinds for all culinary purposes, and less liable to the dreaded rust disease.

Although spring is with us by the calendar, we still have to remember the dangers of frost. Fortunately, the wireless gives some indication of what lies ahead, so there is no excuse for being caught unawares. Peach and cherry blossom can be completely killed by a sudden drop in temperature. But you can easily protect it by throwing some flimsy material—such as a lace curtain—over the trees during frost-periods. The lightest covering of leaves or straw, or even newspapers, should protect growing shoots and crowns. But if your plants should get frozen, remember that even tender ones may be salvaged if properly thawed out. They should be syringed with cold water and kept shaded till the frost disappears. On no account expose them to sunlight or sudden warmth.—*From a talk in the Light Programme*

The Germans as Europeans

(continued from page 656)

in a year, but it cannot be swept entirely away. The Germans, indeed, set conditions today for becoming Europeans. Europe, for its part, must reserve some doubts as to what sort of European the German will be.

Yet there are plenty of hopeful signs in present-day Germany which do much to offset its grisly traditions of the 'master race', the all-powerful state and the blindly obedient and tongue-tied individual. The least important of these is the actual development of the 'European Movement' in Germany. Count Bluecher wrote of the Germans in 1919: 'We thought of ourselves not as a conquered nation but rather as the vanguard of a cultural advance which was to come in all civilised countries. In addition, we saw no reason, having lost the war, why the other nations should not lose it too'. Drowning men will clutch at any life-line. What better life-line than a European movement? It gave genuine hope to many genuinely 'European' Germans. At the same time it gave undesirables—Nazis who had repented late in the day and industrialists who cared little enough even for their fellow Germans—a chance to climb on to a new and attractive bandwagon. There was the obvious Germanic tendency to treat Europeanism either as a religion or as a mere means to an end.

Far more significant is the change in German youth, which is growing up to think for itself. Allied educationists have managed to teach many young Germans that their first duty is to their own consciences. Any German youth meeting is a fascinating affair, for it is there that the real struggle for the German soul is taking place, the struggle between individual thought and ingrained prejudice. The young German starts with an immense advantage over his elders. He has no guilt-complex; often, instead, a philosophy of life born out of hardship and

effort on his own. He learns what is going on in the world, has passed through the first stage of pure cynicism, and is getting ready to serve balanced ideals. He is the brightest talisman for the German future.

In the third place, German politicians and press are making and have made in the past a serious attempt to understand France and French fears and hesitations over the new Germany. 'Psychologically', a newspaper editor told me, 'the whole question of European understanding depends on us getting on with France. If we succeed we shall have no difficulty in getting on with our other neighbours'. Dr. Adenauer's Government has shown every desire to befriend France, and even the average German knows that this is a necessity. Thinking Germans, moreover, realise that this is a more immediately attainable ideal than the European political federation for which leading members of the Government are crusading.

It may be that a few positive factors should outweigh rather more negative ones. 'You must compare Germany', one Berliner told me, 'with the wife whom you have not altogether trusted in the past. If you give her your confidence today she will probably justify it. But if you keep her shut up she will be unfaithful on the first possible occasion'. This, then, could be the ultimate argument for accepting Germany as a full and equal member of the western community. It is a fair argument. For their part the Germans have still to realise that they must work their passage, besides announcing that they are now going to be the good, even the best, boys in the European class. And the first task in working a 'national' passage is to ensure that the ordinary German becomes a fully functioning citizen, with a civic sense, instead of a cog in a mechanical state.—*Third Programme*

Art

Gustave Courbet, Realist

By HUBERT WELLINGTON

NO one would now dispute the importance of Courbet's position in the history of nineteenth-century painting, both for his astonishing performance and for his influence on succeeding generations. There remains the interest of his challenging personality, the discrepancies between rare gifts and limitations. Mr. Gerstle Mack's new full-length biography*, admirably documented, sifts truth from legend and gives a convincing record of the man and his extravagances. There were the strong influences of heredity—a grandfather on his mother's side who was an ardent free-thinker, republican, anti-clerical, with the maxim 'shout loudly and go straight ahead'; then his father, strikingly handsome, a farmer and landowner, boisterous, gesticulating, a great talker, with a passion for inventions which proved useless. Add a great gift for painting and these sentences would give a portrait of Gustave Courbet.

At school he was hopeless except in original composition and roamed the country round Ornans, the background for so many of his pictures. Sent to Besançon to study law at the Collège Royal he actively rebelled and managed to do some work at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He reached Paris in 1840 at the age of twenty-one.

Courbet boasted that he 'was self-taught, meaning that he refused any organised instruction, but he found models and friends at the Atelier Suisse, and copied Velasquez, Ribera and Rembrandt at the Louvre, professing a contempt for Raphael and Leonardo. Such training equipped him admirably, the well-known 'Man with a Pipe' of 1846 shows masterly accomplishment in traditional methods.

The revolution of 1848 with its sanguinary repression horrified him, and stirred the radical political notions in which he had grown up but which had remained dim when he plunged into painting. He met Prudhon, the social philosopher who also came from Besançon, and Baudelaire who was working on a republican paper. The next few years were crucial in his career. 'The Stonebreakers' and 'Burial at Ornans', both of 1850, 'The Studio' (with its pretentious sub-title 'Allegorie-Réelle') in 1855 gave the measure of his challenge, and carried the label Realism. No one word could better sum up his intentions and he gloried in it. Of course other painters and writers were beginning to adopt contemporary life as subject-matter; Millet settled at Barbizon in 1849, and his 'Man with a Hoe' was at least as real as Courbet's peasants; but no one but Courbet so drastically ruled out any associated interest: he wrote 'art exists only in the representation of objects visible and tangible to the artist'. 'The Stonebreakers' was given political meaning by Prudhon and hailed as the first socialist painting. The other two vast canvases, 'The Burial' and 'The Studio' were excluded from the group he sent to the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and Courbet retorted with a private exhibition of his own. The result was a financial loss, but it established his powers,

and Delacroix who disliked the man and his theories said of 'The Studio' 'they have excluded one of the most remarkable works of our time'.

For the next fifteen years Courbet was immensely successful and prolific, holding exhibitions in Flanders, Frankfurt and Munich, acclaimed with processions, entertainments and gargantuan feasts. His conceit became enormous; at country houses he loved to paint in company and visitors came to see the famous painter at work. He built a gallery, 'a cathedral', to display his work, close to the Government Exhibition in the Champs-Élysées in 1867, with rather less success than before. He refused the Cross of the Legion of Honour declaring that the artist should be independent of State awards, and was able to write to his family 'in everyone's opinion I am the greatest man in France'. Then came the war with Germany and for him disaster.

Mr. Gerstle Mack deals clearly and fully with the trial of Courbet for responsibility in the destruction of the Vendôme Column. Admittedly Courbet was chairman of the committee of artists which looked after art affairs under the Commune, but there is no reason to doubt his avowed intention to remove the column to the Invalides with other Napoleonic relics. He claimed that he had saved numerous works of art from destruction including the collection of M. Thiers. Six months in prison, following the strain of war time and his many excesses, ruined his health. He fled to Switzerland when his property was sequestered to pay for the re-erection of the Column. Unhappily he employed assistants to carry out his pictures as his talent and energy failed.

Mr. Mack publishes many fascinating letters, which show that Courbet could handle words with exuberant effect, though with little respect for the truth. The refrain



'Mère Grégoire', by Gustave Courbet (about 1855): in the Chicago Institute of Art
From 'Gustave Courbet'

runs through the book, and proves itself, that Courbet was a painter only, a man with one gift, and no clear ideas on anything else. But after all he was right about his painting; no one else could represent so closely in paint the look and the touch of objects. Irritating in so many ways he had a profound and at times poetic feeling for the natural world, and his luminous skies and sea-pieces, his flowers, nudes and some portraits still speak for him. His one talent had not been hoarded. Mr. Mack has now set out the whole Courbet story in detail for the first time in English, in an excellent objective narrative. He records an anecdote of Courbet sketching with Corot. The latter moved about for some time until he found a composition which satisfied him. Courbet exclaimed 'When I place my seat there is my subject: any place is good enough so long as I have nature before my eyes'. It is revealing; any subject which gives an opportunity to practise 'la bonne peinture' will do, and this links him with the next generation, with Camille Pissarro's insistence that good painting is the only thing that counts. The realism of Courbet led the way to Impressionism.

* Gustave Courbet. By Gerstle Mack. Rupert Hart-Davis. 45s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The History of The Times: Vol. IV (Parts I and II) The 150th Anniversary and Beyond. The Times. 2 vols. 50s.

THE PUBLICATION of this last instalment of *The History of The Times* completes what is, on all counts, a memorable achievement. *The Times* is a unique newspaper; and no newspaper history on this scale has ever been attempted before.

The centre-piece of the third volume was the dramatic struggle for the ownership of *The Times* which ended in 1908 in Northcliffe's victory. The fourth volume opens in 1912 with the installation of a new editor in the person of Geoffrey Dawson (then Geoffrey Robinson); and its first striking episode is the reduction in the price of the paper from 3d. to a 1d. in March 1914. Northcliffe as portrayed in this volume (of which he is, in spite of everything, the hero rather than the villain) was a complex character. Caring little for money, he had none the less learned in the school of business to prize it as the hall-mark of success. When he acquired the controlling interest in *The Times* he wanted to make it a vehicle of his ideas. But he wanted still more to do what nobody had been able to do for thirty years, to make it pay, to prove that his genius as an *entrepreneur* of journalism was equal to this supreme test. He strove to introduce an element of modernity without sacrificing the prestige of the ancient tradition and manner; he was responsible, among other things, for the 'light leader', now firmly embedded in *The Times* tradition. But the master-stroke, carefully calculated and prepared, was '*The Times* at a penny'. Boldness and intuition, publicity and skilful handling of the advertisers, had their reward. The coup was a brilliant success.

This was the high point of Northcliffe's career as proprietor of *The Times*. If his entry in 1908 had been melodramatic, his exit was a sordid tragedy. From about the middle of the first world war the megalomania which ultimately ended in insanity was making itself felt in his relations not only with the Prime Minister but with the editor and staff of *The Times*. Painful friction in the last period of the war, and especially over the unstinting support given by the editor to Lloyd George and the coalition, led to Dawson's forced resignation in February 1919 and the appointment of Mr. Wickham Steed to succeed him. But a brief period of comparative calm was followed by fresh outbursts, till insanity finally declared itself in the early part of 1922. Northcliffe died in August of that year.

Only the expert reader will quite succeed in unravelling the skein of financial and legal complications which encumbered the disposal of his estate, and especially his holdings in *The Times*. The upshot was the acquisition of the controlling interest by Col. J. J. Astor who associated Mr. John Walter, the living head of the Walter dynasty, with himself as joint chief proprietors. Geoffrey Dawson was recalled to the editorial chair. One result of the Northcliffe episode was, by process of reaction, to establish the doctrine of sole editorial responsibility more firmly than ever before. This fact lends a particular importance to Geoffrey Dawson's personal background, training and outlook, and thorough and critical justice is done to these in the later chapters of the book. A postscript discusses, a little indeterminately, the question whether the function of *The Times* is to reflect intelligent public opinion, or to admonish and attempt to lead it. If the latter, the function was

inadequately performed in the field of foreign policy (though not in Indian and Dominion affairs) between 1922 and 1939.

The original plan, drawn up in 1931, was to bring the history to an end at what was expected to be the uneventful year 1935—the 150th anniversary of the paper's birth. The sequel faced the authors with an embarrassing decision about the point at which a halt should finally be called. To adhere to the original plan would have meant to stop short not only of the outbreak of the second world war, but of the culmination of the appeasement policy, and would have seemed a deliberate evasion of the one subject which has brought down more severe criticism on the head of *The Times* than any other topic of the recent era. To stop at 1939 would have meant to leave the fortunes of *The Times* at a low moral ebb, from which its war-time record under the editorship, first of Dawson, and after 1941 of Barrington-Ward, did much to redeem it. The concluding date on the title-page is 1948—the year of Barrington-Ward's premature death. But the statement in the concluding chapter that the 'formal and critical narrative' ends with 1939 is nearer the mark. What follows is scarcely even an outline, and stands in patent and unavoidable contrast with the fullness and frankness of what has gone before. But there are illuminating and attractive side-lights on Barrington-Ward's little-known personality.

Of the many great public events chronicled in this volume in which *The Times* played a conspicuous part—and the list includes Asquith's resignation in 1916, the Irish treaty, the India Round Table conference, and the abdication—none matches the Munich episode in intrinsic importance and in public interest. The role of *The Times* is here dealt with faithfully and candidly. The writers offer no apology for editorial policy, and refer in their concluding paragraph to the 'examples of misjudgment as to foreign policy' which it has been their duty to record. Emphasis is placed on Dawson's life-long interest in imperial affairs and ignorance of Europe, rendered more fatal by his failure, after Harold Williams' death in 1928, to find a successor to a long line of foreign editors which included Mackenzie Walker, Chirol, and Wickham Steed. One other point highly relevant to this discussion finds, however, no mention in these pages. If there was misjudgment about Germany, there was even graver and more widespread misjudgment about the strained resources of Great Britain after the first world war. It was an undiagnosed weakness in Britain's national and international position, and failure to apply in time the remedies which that weakness demanded, which more than anything else explained, if it did not excuse, the appeasement policy of which *The Times* made itself the champion.

The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Selected and Introduced by Kathleen Raine. Grey Walls Press. 12s. 6d.

The intention of the Grey Walls Letters Series is to give in one volume a choice selection of the letters of great men and women—letters so often accessible only in unwieldy editions of several volumes, and those often out of print. The idea is an admirable one, though the format of the series might have been designed with a more consistent regard for this purpose—a smaller book, thinner paper, rather more pages. The choice of names so far is conservative: Jane

Welsh but not Thomas Carlyle, Shelley but not Byron, Stevenson but not Henry James; and one would like to see some unexpected names, such as Burke, or Bagehot, or William James. Coleridge was an inevitable choice. All things considered—range of interest, pathos, wit, learning, exuberance, fantasy—he is probably the most entrancing letter-writer in English. One can only condole with an editor faced with the task of selecting a beggarly 141 letters out of the six or seven hundred available. Naturally some important letters are missing, but one would not willingly sacrifice any of those present.

The selection has been dictated by a sensitive appreciation of the fact that 'no life suffers more than does Coleridge's from any attempt to reduce it to a personal level. Ill health, humiliation, and confusion characterise the outward history. Flashes of poetic vision, the deep soundings of metaphysical intuition and of spiritual revelation—these were the real events, these were the episodes that befell a man, hampered, in the physical world, by every ill, but spiritually a giant and an adventurer in all the countries of the imagination'.

Timber Building in England from Early Times to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By Fred H. Crossley. Batsford. 30s.

The dust cover of this handsome book shows a timber-framed house in the High Street at Tewkesbury, one of those faintly intoxicated-looking buildings with overhanging upper storeys and gables making their obeisance to passers-by: and, to either side, sedate brick houses which many contemporary eyes will prefer. The frontispiece shows the heavily half-timbered Ford's Hospital at Coventry before the bombing. Anyone, however, who should thus be led to suppose that this is just a book on English half-timbering will be very agreeably surprised. For it ranges far more widely, embracing also spires and belfries, roofs and porches, windmills, watermills, and bridges, carved decoration, and useful summaries of pre-Conquest timber building in this country, both religious and secular.

In England we have a very long tradition in the working of wood, and our lively appreciation of this material for its own sake is no doubt largely due to our good fortune in having at one time possessed immense quantities of that most congenial of all woods, oak—or 'oke', as it was written in a seventeenth-century surveyor's report here quoted. No one alive is better qualified than Mr. Crossley to write about it, for in addition to the profound knowledge and understanding of our traditional architecture to which earlier books testify, he has also had many years' practical experience of working in timber.

To the question where, in the sphere of timber building, we should look for the finest artistic achievements, the answer must surely be, first and foremost, at the roofs, both ecclesiastical and domestic. Though the carved angel roofs of the churches of Norfolk and Suffolk are the supreme glories, it is not always realised how many good carved roofs still survive in other counties too. Mr. Crossley's exposition of the principles and practice of roof construction is excellent (though in a future edition the inclusion of a diagram here would be welcome), and the photographs of roofs make a fine collection.

Some of our shingle-clad spires, robust oak porches, and windmills, in particular, are also true works of art. Among timber-framed houses, however, there is plenty of room for discrimination: many will feel that in the strident 'black and white' houses of the Welsh border counties English building is not seen at its happiest, and the author is certainly right in dwelling on the visual superiority of closely spaced uprights as against framing in large squares, with or without patterning, and, by implication, on the desirability of letting the oak assume its natural silvery grey instead of painting or, still worse, tarring it.

It should perhaps be added that Mr. Crossley is a writer of the old-fashioned sort for whom the Middle Ages can scarcely do wrong and for whom we, with our 'motto of dead monotony and hard realism', can hardly do right. For him, even Wren is at his best 'when he allowed tradition to help him in his designs'. He belongs to the school of Francis Bond, which implies *inter alia* that some of his pages are rendered a little indigestible through the multiplication of corroborative examples. For the student, however, this wealth of documentation, together with a liberal recourse to quotation from early records and many references in footnotes, greatly increases the value of the work. If through the misfortune of failing eyesight this proves to be Mr. Crossley's last book, it is good to be able to add that it is also his most important and his best. Though the last chapter needs revision (the Merchant Adventurers' Hall at York is no longer 'more or less derelict', while Ford's Hospital at Coventry is here described in pre-war terms), this will surely become a standard work on our timber building. And although the price is above that of the majority of Batsford books, the publishers are also to be congratulated on a much higher standard of production, while the 200 illustrations are very well selected.

The Malthusian Controversy

By Kenneth Smith.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

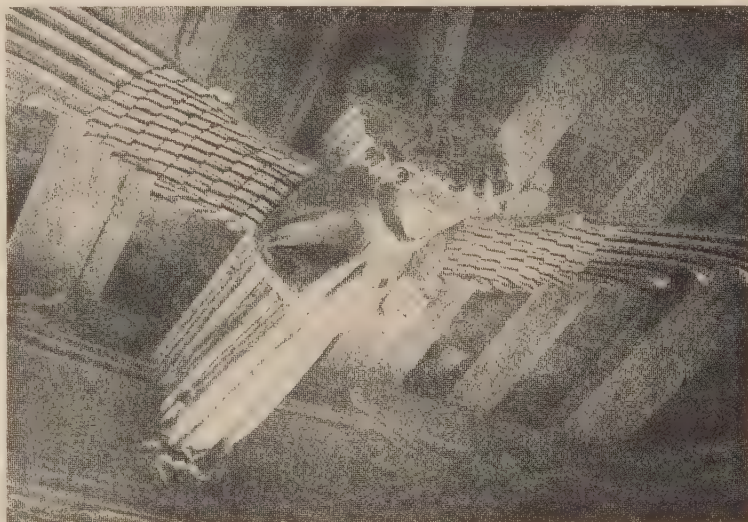
Human Fertility: The Modern Dilemma

By Robert C. Cook. Gollancz. 21s.

Since the last war, discussions of population, at least in the western world, have tended to move away from the problems associated with declining fertility. The spurt in birth rates has made the prospect of falling populations appear far more distant, while new inquiries, such as those undertaken by the Royal Commission on Population, have in any case suggested that a rapid fall in numbers would be unlikely. At the same time, the economic difficulties of many western countries have raised the question of overpopulation at home and have also directed attention to the conflict between numbers and resources in the crowded east and elsewhere. The Malthusian theory again overshadows the scene, and the two books reviewed here—though they approach the question in widely different ways—are signs of the change of focus.

Dr. Smith's study is concerned with certain historical aspects of Malthusianism—with the enunciation of the theory in the various editions

of Malthus' *Essay* and with the controversy provoked during Malthus' own lifetime by his reply to Godwin and Condorcet. The ground has already been covered in part by other writers—in English, for example, by Bonar and Field. Field, in particular, wrote with a sense of intimacy and ease achieved only when an author has steeped himself in his chosen period of history. But if Dr. Smith does not show the same degree of intimacy, he provides in compensation a far more detailed criticism of the Malthusian theory



Angel in roof, Upwell, Norfolk

From 'Timber Building in England'

itself, and a more just appreciation of the merits of contemporary critics. He makes it clear, indeed, that Malthus evaded rather than answered those critics, and that the famous ratios—which, as Malthus himself said, his work did not really aim to prove—were repeated up to the end. And he rightly draws attention to the poverty of the supporting material, some of which was in addition used quite incorrectly.

If Dr. Smith's analysis has a fault, it is perhaps that just because of the detailed, piece-by-piece examination of the Malthusian theory, he does not quite convey to the reader the manifold modifications of the 'principle of population' which, almost from the beginning, Malthus himself injected. What J. J. Spengler has called the 'total population theory' of Malthus is indeed far less rigid than is usually supposed, and possibly even less so than Malthus himself quite realised. It is to be hoped that Dr. Smith will continue his study of the controversy beyond the date of Malthus' death and that in doing so he will consider in greater detail the impact of Malthus upon nineteenth-century social policy.

While Dr. Smith is concerned with the early history of the Malthusian theory, Mr. Cook applies it to present-day problems. He examines population increase in the various regions of the world, contrasting the approach to equilibrium in the west with the high—and in some cases rising—rates of growth in Asia and Latin America, and drawing attention to the difficulties involved, in these latter areas in even maintaining present levels of living. Retaining the idea of the 'principle of population', he rejects the moral views of its author and advocates the production of a cheap and foolproof contraceptive as the only solution of the conflict between population and resources. At the same time he discusses the implications of existing fertility differentials within western nations, where family limitation is widely practised, and

argues that the resultant 'genetic erosion' will make for declining intelligence.

In dealing with these two sets of problems, Mr. Cook presents much interesting information on the history of population growth and on the development and methods of study of genetics. And he certainly succeeds in making his information 'exciting'. But this result has sometimes been achieved without due care in weighing the available evidence and, in one case, the facts are not reported correctly. Thus the

Royal Commission on Population did not conclude that (page 15) the 'average intelligence quotient of the British people was declining about 2 points per generation'. Indeed, Mr. Cook is aware of this, for in a later chapter he quotes extensively from the Report of the Commission. He is also acquainted with the results of the 1932 and 1947 Scottish inquiries and realises that they 'show how difficult it is to assess such trends when a labile character like intelligence is being investigated' (page 246). But that does not prevent him from writing a chapter which basically assumes that intelligence is declining.

Moreover, in an effort to make his readers appreciate the importance of the questions with which he deals, Mr. Cook writes with a kind of breathlessness which, to one reader at least, is somewhat trying. That the questions are worthy of the most serious consideration there is no doubt. But Mr. Cook would give his cause more aid by examining, for example, the sociological problems which arise in trying to introduce the small-family objective in societies at present oriented towards high fertility than by the frequent use of such phrases as 'myth-driven irresponsibility', 'grim alternative', and 'rampant fecundity'.

The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough
Edited by H. F. Lowry, A. L. P.
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Rugby and Balliol and yet a poet—that is the paradox of Clough! At Rugby he had taken all the prizes, played the game and won his scholarship, but at Oxford he lost his poise, missed a First, failed to get a Balliol Fellowship, and was rescued by Oriel. But he could not settle down to the placid life of a don: he was assailed by doubts. Perhaps it was a reaction from Dr. Arnold's teaching; the Tractarian Movement has been blamed; most likely Carlyle was responsible. At any rate Clough looked askance at the Church and adopted the Gospel of work—*Qui laborat, orat*:

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seemed to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

After a few years brooding on the matter he resigned his comfortable fellowship, became Principal of University Hall, London, and then an examiner in the old Education Office. He died in 1861 at the early age of forty-two.

His main poems are not about work, but about frivolity. 'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich' is 'a Long-Vacation Pastoral'; 'Amours de Voyage' is sufficiently described by its title, and 'Dipsychus', though a poem of

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despair, is manfully witty. It was part of Clough's trouble that he did not take himself very seriously as a poet; poetry, at any rate, did not fit his conception of either work or prayer, and he only wrote it during vacations. The only two volumes of his verse published in his lifetime appeared within a few months of one another, shortly after he left Oriel. *Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour* was one of the mottoes he inscribed on the title page of 'Amours de Voyage', and he will always intrigue us for that reason—we do not like our poets to be too hot for certainties. Matthew Arnold, who knew him best (and wrote 'Thyrsis' in his memory), said of him—

His interest was in literature itself; and it was this which gave so rare a stamp to his character, which kept him so free from all taint of bitterness.

He praised him for his aloofness; and for 'the Homeric simplicity of his literary life'. But simplicity is hardly the word for one who was so casual about his writing. This casualness extends even to his technique. He is famous above all (abating 'Say not the struggle nought availeth', which even politicians quote) for adapting Greek hexameters to English verse—'anglo-savage hexameters', he called them. Matthew Arnold reproved him for manhandling the measure, but rough and irregular as the lines are, they serve their swiftly moving narrative purpose, and even in descriptive passages have their subtle effectiveness—

Who are these that walk by the shore of the salt sea water?

Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt sea water?

Who are these? and where? it is no sweet seclusion;

Blank hill-sides slope down to a salt sea loch at their bases,

Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with rowan and alder;

Cottages here and there outstanding bare on the mountain,

Peat-roofed, windowless, white; the road underneath by the water.

In 'Amours de Voyage' they attain a natural colloquial ease, and fulfil the requirements which Mr. Eliot has lately laid down for a poetic diction in drama (a comparison of 'Amours de Voyage' and 'The Cocktail Party' is rewarding). But for all Clough's interest as a nineteenth-century Hamlet and an innovator in verse, the final impression is one of failure. The cause is not far to seek. James Insley Osborne, who wrote an excellent study of the poet thirty years ago, said he was not sufficiently sensuous. Clough himself, in the Epilogue to 'Dipsychus', speaks of 'this over-excitation of the religious sense, resulting in this irrational, almost animal, irritability of conscience'. The sensuous was probably ruled out at Rugby—Oxford was certainly responsible for the over-excitation of the religious sense. But Clough's failure is rather more interesting than many another poet's success, and it is a great pleasure to have this admirably edited, admirably produced edition of his work.

No Picnic on Mount Kenya

By Felice Benuzzi. Kimber. 15s.

Hitherto, all the 'escape' books published in this country have been written by our own men. The virtues these stories reveal are not merely national, but human; and Mr. Benuzzi's book deserves a special welcome for reminding us of this, as well as for its intrinsic merits.

Felice Benuzzi was an Italian colonial official when the East African campaign swept him into a British P.O.W. camp in Kenya. He was, apparently, a dutiful citizen under Fascism, for he mentions approvingly that the prisoners who, out of political conviction, worked for the

British, were regarded as traitors. However, he had no burning desire to get back to the fight. His appetite for liberty was aroused by the sight of the world outside, in which, 'as though witnessing miracles', the prisoners could see 'people living in freedom, coming and going as they liked'. But his conception of freedom turned out to be uniquely personal.

After a few weeks of internment, Mr. Benuzzi noted in his diary a quotation from the Italian Admiral Cagni, referring to barrack life during the long Polar night. 'The spirit gets blunted more and more and the mind of everybody is invaded by an odd indifference for everything not material and not present'. It was to escape this inner decay, which he thought must also result from prison life, that Mr. Benuzzi, with two companions whom he enlisted, escaped from camp and carried out his famous exploit, the climbing of Mount Kenya. The mountain, which towered above the prison camp as a visible symbol of freedom, gave the three adventurers a spiritual replenishment of freedom that, after their voluntary return to camp, was sufficient to sustain them for the rest of their captivity.

The mountaineers were punished with twenty-eight days' cells, a sentence immediately reduced by the camp commandant to seven days in recognition of a 'sporting effort'.

Mr. Benuzzi's story is entertaining, informally but vividly told, heroic without heroics. The descriptions of how a complete mountaineering equipment was made out of scraps against all the difficulties of imprisonment, the escape from camp, and the passages describing the climb to the 17,000-foot peak, make up one of those narratives of courage, endurance, and obstacles overcome which are so deservedly popular.

Capitalism and Socialism on Trial

By Fritz Sternberg. Gollancz. 25s.

This book has minor faults and major merits. The title is a misnomer and does injustice to it. It is a study of capitalism in action, as it were, and as such it is deeply interesting. But it is not a study of socialism. We are not even told what socialism is. We had supposed that the Soviet Union is a socialist state, as many socialists surely agree. Mr. Sternberg disagrees. No doubt he has his reasons, but he does not disclose them. He seems to say that there is little hope for Europe unless democratic socialism prevails. But he does not tell us why, nor does he tell us what democratic socialism is. He tells us much about capitalism, but the value of his book would have been greater if he had devoted a few pages to a characterisation of capitalism. A definition, slightly amplified, would have sufficed. He examines certain aspects of capitalism with deep insight, but we are left to infer what he means by capitalism as a whole, and are left in some doubt as to what he really means.

He is uncritical in the use of certain terms. He applies the term *Fascism* to Fascism proper (as it existed in Italy), to National Socialism, and to an undefined political movement in Spain (probably he has the *Falangistas* in mind). These three phenomena have a certain kinship, but in some important respects they differ radically. He uses the word *feudalism* as though it meant the economic system which preceded the rise of capitalism. Over the greater part of Europe, the feudal age was over by the end of the thirteenth century. Mr. Sternberg is a specialist and has the tendency, common amongst specialists, particularly when their subject commands great prestige, as the sciences do, of interpreting everything in terms of his own subject, economics.

Such faults would be exceedingly grave in a historian, but they lie on the periphery of Mr. Sternberg's work. They do not greatly affect

the substance. Within the periphery he shows himself to be a master—and one from whom every student of the modern age has much to learn. This book is not history, but it is a very important contribution to history. Mr. Sternberg's mastery consists in something like genius for simple and pregnant generalisation on an enormous mass of evidence. He has, within his own subject, the intellectual ruthlessness of the true scholar. He advances his argument with great force and singleness of purpose. His reasoning faculties are so powerful that they give his book a dramatic quality—it is an exciting book, although Mr. Sternberg is free from any vulgar desire to dramatise or to excite.

He reveres Karl Marx, but this does not affect his judgment of the man who, it would seem, was once his master and maybe still is in some important respects. The works of Karl Marx are more than books—they are deeds and they had great consequences, though hardly the consequences Karl Marx wanted them to have. Mr. Sternberg does not doubt for one moment that Lenin was a great man. But some of Lenin's most important actions were based on erroneous assumptions and had consequences neither he nor anyone else could have foreseen. Mr. Sternberg's book is a wonderful study of the theme 'ideas have consequences'—consequences that are often catastrophic.

Dragons in Amber. By Willy Ley.

Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.

The title and cover design both suggest that this book is palaeontological. But only the first of the three parts into which it is divided deals with fossils. The second part describes the discovery and present distribution and status of an arbitrary selection of rare creatures and plants that the author describes as 'the last of their kind'. The third part of the book is entitled 'Wanderers Across a Planet' which might mean anything. Actually it tells of the migrations of the eel, the spread of the camel from its original home in America and of its ultimate return there, the remarkable occurrences of plants in new habitats, and histories of the spread of such pests as the Colorado beetle, the helodea water weed, the Chinese mitten crab and the achatina snail. The final chapter in this third part is a fascinating account of the history of the eruption of Krakatau and of the subsequent rehabilitation of the island by both flora and fauna after everything living had been utterly annihilated.

Mr. Ley must have enjoyed writing this book. He is a tireless searcher into the annals of palaeontological, zoological, and botanical history. He writes, for instance, in his first chapter on amber. But he does not merely tell us what amber is, where it comes from and how it is formed. He builds up the whole story of its discovery, uses, and the gradual development of the amber trade, with all its early monopolistic controls and penalties for illegal acquisition. It is a fascinating story, especially where it concerns the gradual evolution of ideas as to the origin and nature of amber. The second section on vanishing species records the discovery in China and the survival in England of Père David's deer, the story of the pandas, and the rediscovery of the extinct takahē—a turkey-sized 'moorhen'—in New Zealand. Then Mr. Ley goes on to those living fossils of the plant world, the ginkgo and metasequoias, and finishes the section with the giant redwoods of the Pacific North-west of U.S.A.

Most of those who read this book because of its natural history flavour will know already of the life history of the eel; but here is a new presentation. Seldom has the story of how the evidence was collected and pieced together been told in such an intriguing way. This is a book one can dip into at any time.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

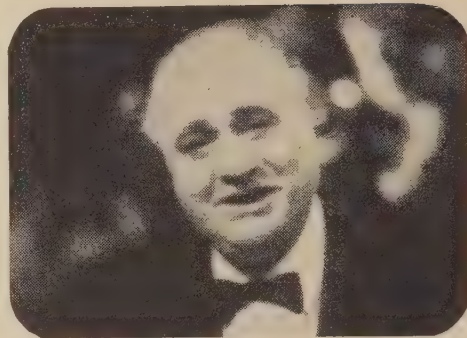
TELEVISION

Worm's Eye View

SO IT'S THE POOREST and the most ignorant who view most, is it? And I presume that includes the critic, by general consent the poorest and most ignorant of all. Never mind, we are making rapid cultural strides, and even got rather ahead one or two evenings, I remember thinking, especially when in 'Starlight' Miss Anne Shelton gave us, *inter al.*, 'My Yiddisher Momma' from the heart, not to say the shoulder (to speak mildly). In the domain of drama a revival of 'Bird in Hand' put no intolerable strain on my intellect; though I found it painful in other ways which may be for all I know a purely professional deformation: I mean, I find it painful to see a batch of excellent players giving performances which they know, even if we do not, to be sadly below par. The comedy is not one which wears very well, because so many other comedies have run before and since on similar lines. But it usually comes up fresher, on the odd occasions one sees it, than this production would lead us, the poor and ignorant, to suppose. I think it was simply unready. Probably by Thursday's repeat it was going perfectly. But I hadn't the heart to disturb my memories by then.

There was no repeat of the fine production by Leonard Brett of 'The Marvellous History of St. Bernard'—excellent choice for Good Friday and not, I should say, so unpopular as to get the Service a really bad name. Perhaps even some of us had heard it before on 'steam'

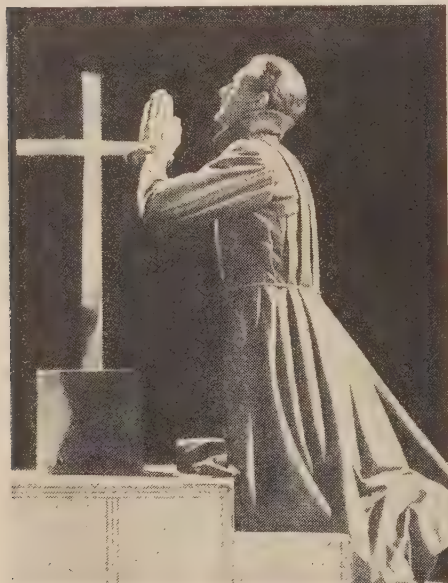
radio. It was impressive and the visual part of it brought it into much fuller perspective than the sound version. The eye was given something worth while to look at. I was reminded at times of some 'detail' (*i.e.*, an enlargement) from an Old Master which one has known all one's life but which suddenly in isolation one seems to be seeing for the first time, probably a cluster of plain folk taking no great interest in a martyrdom in the centre of the canvas. This is an effect the cinema is well able to give, but seldom uses (it was wonderfully used by Dreyer in 'The Passion of Joan of Arc'). It also seems to be something television is discovering, a peculiar visual eloquence, but it comes fitfully. I was watching for it so closely I let much of



Gigli, as viewers saw him in 'Music for You' on April 14
J. Cura



'The Taming of the Shrew' on April 20, with Margaret Johnston as Katharina and Stanley Baker as Petruchio



'The Marvellous History of St. Bernard' on Good Friday: Ronald Howard as the saint

the acting pass unheeded, but it seemed to be a generally good performance with a long cast very much on their toes. Again, as in the O'Neill 'Electra', one would have sworn that these players were inhabiting an element of their own, with breathable air all round them, which is so seldom the effect given, especially by those claustrophobic little room sets which house, in general, detective dramas. I daresay I shall be told that it is only a question of which studio is used and that my mystique is giving offence to the experts on the panel; but meanwhile I cherish the idea that now and again television gives my eye what, in the largest viewing group, is, I daresay, called a proper treat.

That, too, was what, unexpectedly, Gigli gave me. In general, Italian tenors (as opposed to baritones and basses) should reverse the advice given to Victorian children: to be seen and not heard. Gigli is something exceptional in every way, however. The glee with which he sings is infectious—positively part of the act; and just as there enters into our reactions to a voice an element of human interest we withhold from an instrument (the voice being, of course, a secondary sexual characteristic—much though the notion is scouted in this country), so we

derive great interest, while hearing that fabulous larynx, from seeing the rest of the works (if the great Beniamino will allow me the phrase). That he is no beauty in the narrow sense he would, I think, allow, and the Byronic buckskins of Cavara-dossi, Chénier, and Werther on the whole have for some time past become him less happily than the red dressing-gown of Radames. But as himself and in person and in action he is no ordinary sight by any means. I kept my eyes open; time enough to shut them when playing his records. Like Battistini and Lilli Lehmann, he has kept his voice in condition to an age when most singers have long ago fallen silent. The soft notes are still lovely. It is not what it was, but it is still something of a feather in the television cap to invite him into our home circle at all.

Two policy points, on which I must reserve judgment, emerged this week. One was a screening of Cocteau's 'La Belle et La Bête'; French of course, but subtitled in English. As these were liable to be invisible on a television screen, an English commentary was added. The *poésie* of the end-product was more *bête* than *belle*! But what is the right thing to do? The other policy point was the transmitting of a musical play direct from a theatre, complete with audience, which had been deliberately staged there in order to communicate the feeling of being 'at the theatre'. This works with music-hall, admittedly, but was it the genuine solution in this case?

'The Taming of the Shrew' enjoys among those who venerate Shakespeare a fairly low rating. Conversely it is loved by many people who cannot in the general run abide the Bard. Moreover, it now has the sanction of 'Kiss Me Kate', and at least one film version, in the Pickford and Fairbanks days. This production had a signal merit: it moved briskly. The sets were frankly fantastic, from the art-ballet stable, but giving apparently plenty of space, which was a point in their favour, though such fantasy is hardly served by monochrome. There was strange and sometimes incongruous music

(extracts from 'Hoffmann!'), and a mixed bag of hardworking and mostly effective performances. Margaret Johnston, though hitting the note too hard at times, did a useful job as curst Kate; it hardly seemed natural casting. Stanley Baker was a likely Petruchio and there were some assured minor performances, by Toke Townley and others. It is loud stuff, very much of the Elizabethan theatre. The combination of intimate close-ups and dainty scenery was not altogether happy, but there were excellent points in Desmond Davis' production.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Brief Chronicles

WHEN JAMES IV of Scotland, in John Ford's chronicle, 'Perkin Warbeck', meets the Pretender, he says:

He must be more than subject who can utter
The language of a king, and such is thine.

Elizabethan and Stuart dramatists were always ready to utter the language of a king. Their lips, it has been well said, were royally touched. In 'Perkin Warbeck' Ford wrote with so much delight in a ringing phrase, and—what does not follow naturally—so much command of character, that we wonder why the play has slept on a top shelf. It reached the air (Third) with royal assurance, in a text edited by Frank Hauser, produced—with affection—by Peter Watts, and spoken by several players with a wise feeling for the sound, the weight of a line. I remember John Wyse as his Henry VII mocked at 'Duke Perkin', at 'this meteor, this airy apparition'; Valentine Dyall as Perkin himself, in the stocks before his ignominious end; Molly Rankin, the faithful Lady Katherine ('one chaste wife's troth, pure and uncorrupted'); and Ronald Sidney's Lambert Simmel in the strange little scene when a failed Pretender speaks to another of a far nobler mould.

Warbeck, 'fore-doomed to splendour and sorrow', as another poet said, is consistent in both his sorrow and his splendour. He will not yield as Simmel did. To the last he is Richard, Duke of York: it is an exciting flash when, ordered to the Tower after capture, he talks of 'our childhood's dreadful nursery'. At the close he suffers 'a martyrdom of majesty'. The central figure, then, the king-post, is sure. Ford's play is all the stronger for the clear definition of its lesser people. So often a chronicle's rank-and-file are effigies in wax manipulated by a ventriloquist dramatist. In 'Warbeck' most of them live; on the air they kept our interest. The text may not be raw material for a quotation-dictionary; but it is at once dignified and dramatically exciting. Ford, a radio dramatist before his time, can evoke with ease the court of James IV or the barrens of Bodmin Moor.

George Fox, 'The Man in the Leathern Breeches' of a Home Service feature, suffered once not far from Bodmin Moor, in the castle dungeon called Doomsdale at Launceston (a name that baffled the narrator). As a brief chronicle this had merit: it kept firmly to Fox. But an hour was short measure. We were just getting to know our man when the programme ended. The theme (including 'the foundation and growth of the Quaker movement') was ambitious: Vernon Noble and Denis Mitchell crammed in all they knew and sat on the lid. Frank Pettingell's Fox urged us to 'tremble and quake at the name of the Lord'. We admired his positive qualities, his persistence and single-mindedness, and the way in which the actor cut quickly into the part. Some day this brief chronicle might be extended. Denis Mitchell produced serviceably, though when an actor has so strongly-marked and unmistakable a voice as

Mark Dignam's, he should not be cast for too many parts within sixty minutes.

'These Radio Times' (Light) is an expansive programme that needs serial form. There is no reason why it should not multiply its instalments, dexterously devised as they are by Gale Pedrick, and with so many famous voices to aid them. The first number of a new season of brief chronicles flicked from one of the earliest cat's-whisker catch-phrases, 'John Henry, come here!', to a memory of one of the primeval drama broadcasts from Savoy Hill, 'The Death of Tintagiles'; Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson are always heartening visitors to the microphone. 'These Radio Times' should continue to prosper.

Today, in the cinema, it is a fashion to take Somerset Maugham in three or four short doses: a triple or quadruple bill. Now radio has offered a 'Triple Bill', brief chronicles that took us on the afternoon of Easter Monday (Home) from South Seas to Indian Ocean, via Borneo. The third of these anecdotes, 'P. and O.', was much the most rounded and persuasive. Mary Hope Allen, who adapted this and produced it, told its tale of witchcraft with a just economy, and Fay Compton's performance was radio acting at its most luminous: one of the beacons of an uncommonly well-lit week.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Leonardo da Vinci

TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK, if we may trust tradition was Leonardo da Vinci's five-hundredth birthday and the B.B.C. rose to the occasion. A rich birthday cake was purveyed by Sir Kenneth Clark, and Edgar Wind brought two birthday presents of a complexity which Leonardo himself would have been the first to appreciate. He was a genius if ever there was one, not only a painter, sculptor and unrivalled draughtsman but, besides, an accomplished musician, a mathematician, architect, military and civil engineer, a passionate student of anatomy and nature in all its forms, and a designer of curious mechanical contrivances, including a helicopter.

Sir Kenneth spoke on the Home Service, and so his cake was prepared for general consumption, but it was not, I need hardly say, popular in the derogatory sense; on the contrary, it gave in the space of half-an-hour an extraordinarily full, arresting, and eloquent impression of Leonardo's many-sided genius. He was possessed, as Sir Kenneth said, by 'a raging demon of curiosity'; we hear of him, for instance, sending enquiries to correspondents about the tides in the Euxine and Caspian seas. Edgar Wind's two offerings were addressed to Third Programme ears and they kept them at full stretch for twenty minutes apiece. The first was called 'Mathematics and Sensibility', a title which serves to distinguish Leonardo, if distinction is required, from Jane Austen. Leonardo, Mr. Wind pointed out, used his knowledge of mathematics and geometry to clarify and heighten his artistic sensibility. He made a careful study, for example, of the forms of waves and the splashing of water under varying conditions, and his discoveries were embodied in his drawings and paintings. Mr. Wind quoted one of Leonardo's aphorisms which seems to me extraordinarily pregnant: 'A force begins in violence and dies in liberty'.

In the second talk Mr. Wind discussed 'The Last Supper', the great fresco in Milan, analysing in minute detail the grouping of the figures and the expressions and gestures of the central figure and each member of each group, and deduced from them an elaborate symbolism. In conclusion he suggested that listeners who were sceptical of his extremely complicated

interpretation should read a contemporary interpretation of Leonardo's 'St. Anne' by an Italian whose name, unfortunately, I failed to catch. These talks made laborious but extremely interesting listening.

On the evening when Sir Kenneth Clark and Mr. Wind were celebrating Leonardo da Vinci, Dr. C. E. Raven, in 'God Created, Linnaeus Arranged', was debunking Linnaeus. 'Even I who am no scientist have bumped into Linnaeus from time to time and gathered that he was a big noise, as we say, in botany. And so, Dr. Raven assured us, he was. He did a very great service to botany in nomenclature and in encouraging botanical exploration, and stimulated in the general public of his day a deep interest in natural history. But, said Dr. Raven, he added little to science and obstructed much; he refused, for instance, to disbelieve that swallows hibernate under lakes although this had been exploded a century earlier by the English biologists Ray and Willughby who had studied their migrations, and the claim of his most recent biographer, Knut Hagberg, that he was also a great philosopher is, it seems, very wide of the mark. Dr. Raven is always a stimulating talker, clear, forthright, and learned.

In a morning talk, 'Glider Over Burma', Brian Haimes gave a realistic account of carrying into Burma in a glider towed by a Dakota a gun very much heavier than the official weight for this form of transport and, more hair-raising still, of the return journey with a party of hospital cases. Without any of the artifice of the professional broadcaster he imparted his feelings with disturbing verisimilitude.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

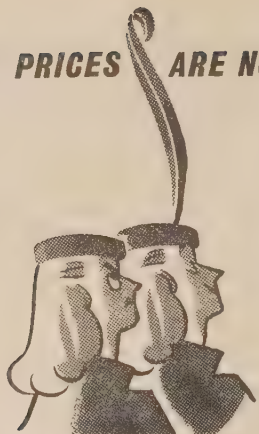
So d'onde viene . . .

THE SOURCE OF THAT TENDER FEELING, the tear in the eye, is obvious enough. Who could listen to that setting of the verses from Metastasio 'Olimpiade' without thinking of the young Mozart playing the accompaniment for Aloysia Weber? Even a certain shrillness in the singer's hard high notes could not destroy the beauty of this elaborately formal declaration of love. It was a pity, since the object of the programmes was to show the influence of the 'English' Bach on Mozart, that in the preceding concert J. C. Bach's setting of the air was not performed. Even though Mozart's expressed intention was to write something entirely different from Bach's aria, it would have been interesting to hear the two versions.

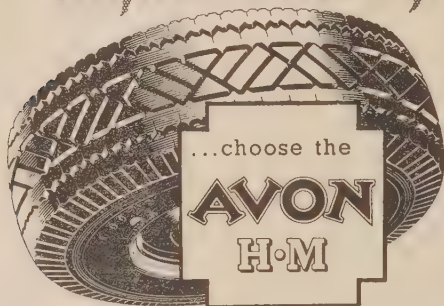
The two early symphonies by Mozart, played on the same evening, cannot claim to offer more than occasional glimpses of genius. No. 4 in D major, written at the mature age of nine, contains in its first bar a piece of juvenile ingenuity which is highly ineffective, and which is promptly shed from the rather similar first subject of No. 6 in F major composed two years later. The remarkable thing about these early works is the true independence of the inner parts. Even in the D major Symphony the viola is not tied to the bass throughout, while in the F major Mozart writes throughout for two violas. The *Andante* of this Symphony is a lyrical movement of extraordinary beauty, all the more entrancing for being quite innocent of passion or profundity. As an essay in musical texture it is worth studying; as the composition of a boy of eleven it is a miracle. Mr. Bernard showed great intelligence in the choice of the music for these programmes, which included a Symphony by Abel with some strenuous music in the manner of Gluck's 'Furies', and an equal sensibility in their direction.

Another youthful, but not juvenile, Symphony also engaged attention. This was Richard

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Arnell's Third, composed in New York ten years ago. The chief characteristic of this work that made itself evident at a first hearing is the abundance of the material at the composer's call. For an hour it poured out, uninhibited, and, I must add, undisciplined. There seemed to be no criterion present in the composer's mind, whereby he could decide what would and what wouldn't 'do'. Nor could I perceive any serious attempt to organise and co-ordinate all this material. The music stopped and started again with little apparent connection between the thought of one paragraph and the next. The actual coda of the whole work might be held up to students as an example of indecision, of what

happens when a composer cannot make up his mind how to finish off and so exasperates the listener with half-a-dozen endings.

Like so much of the music of the young composers of today, Arnell's Symphony is eminently serious and unrelieved by lightness or humour. The young composer is, perhaps, not to be blamed for taking a grim view of life at the present time. And, when he can shape his ideas in a genuinely symphonic form, he may produce something as worth while as the stern, unbending Second Symphony of Racine Fricker, which was broadcast again during the previous week.

At the Wednesday concert in the Home Service a new Piano Concerto by Martinu

showed that composer in a more romantic, less mechanical, vein than usual. There were even approximations to Brahms in the first movement, which was also the best. As a virtuoso exhibition Rudolf Firkusny's performance was of the highest order, at once brilliant and musicianly.

The concert of Spontini's music arranged by Geoffrey Dunn was valuable for anyone interested in the history of opera. The excerpts seemed to prove that 'La Vestale' was Spontini's best work, but also that 'La Vestale', even if better sung than in this performance, would be unlikely to cause a Spontinian combustion of the Thames.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Meyerbeer and 'Les Huguenots'

By EDWARD J. DENT

'Les Huguenots' will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Friday, May 2, and 7.0 p.m. on Monday, May 5 (both Third)

MEYERBEER, once the most famous figure in the musical world of his day, seems now to have been relegated to the company of the infamous in the Chamber of Horrors. No composer has come in for so much abuse. His reputation shows us how completely the musical world has allowed itself to be taken in by the critical writings of Wagner and Schumann. Wagner's hatred of Meyerbeer was the fruit of jealousy and base ingratitude; Mr. Newman has made that indisputably clear. To that may be added his vulgar German anti-Semitism. Gratitude and loyalty to friends are virtues characteristically Jewish; there can be no doubt that Wagner was an 'Aryan'. Schumann was one of the most gentle and lovable of men; what antagonised him towards Meyerbeer was his own timidity and parochialism in the face of Meyerbeer's cosmopolitan outlook. For nearly a hundred years Meyerbeer's operas dominated the stage all over the musical world; for the twenty years between 1830 and 1850 he was beyond question the greatest of all operatic composers.

In 1831 the Paris Opéra came under the management of Dr. Louis Véron, a physician of considerable wealth. He saw at once that what Paris wanted was spectacle on the colossal scale such as was already being presented at some of the other theatres. He secured the services of Scribe as librettist and Duponchel as scenic architect and started off in 1831 with Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable'. After 1835 Dr. Véron retired, not bankrupt but with immense profits, leaving the management to Duponchel, who in 1836 brought out 'Les Huguenots', which surpassed all previous productions in its magnificence. It was Scribe who really created the dramatic framework of politics, religion, and the *macabre*. The original inspiration of all this came from the English theatre and the English novel—Shakespeare, Mrs. Radcliffe, and 'Monk' Lewis. Scribe had begun with politics in 1828 for 'Masaniello' (Auber); 'Robert' exploited the horrors of religion; 'La Tentation' (a ballet) even more luridly, 'Gustave III' was political, 'Don Giovanni' made the most of its devilries, 'La Juive' turned on the persecution of the Jews and 'Les Huguenots' on the persecution of the Protestants; the final climax was the realistic presentation on the stage of one of the most loathsome atrocities in all history, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

For such spectacles Meyerbeer proved to be the ideal collaborator. It is the spectacle which dominates the stage, and a concert performance of any of these operas, however excellent, is

inevitably misleading. Drama itself is subservient to pageantry; Scribe's characters, historical or imaginary, are mere cardboard puppets in sumptuous costumes. In 'Les Huguenots' Valentine and Raoul, the soprano and tenor, are secondary figures compared to Queen Marguerite de Valois, who reigns over the opera from beginning to end. It is characteristic of Scribe that the Queen's mere entry, with hardly a note to sing, is enough to work the final *dénouement*, and we must actually see her with our own eyes in all her jewelled splendour. The opera is immensely long and from the first production has always been to some extent cut down; the usual practice is to omit the fifth act altogether.

The exposition of Act I is long drawn out and rather static, with a tedious predominance of male voices, typical of its period in all countries; Act II, where the female voices are much to the fore, has the most enchanting music and a very attractive ballet. Act III throws every resource of the management on to the stage in reckless profusion—an interminable banquet at which every dish is served and served again in generous helpings. In Act IV the real drama of the story rises to great heights; it is at this point that the hero and heroine find their supreme opportunities. Here comes the treacherous conspiracy of the Catholic nobles to destroy the Huguenots at one blow, followed by the famous *Bénédiction des poignards* with the co-operation of monks and nuns, and lastly the great duet between Valentine and Raoul (admired even by Wagner); the bell of St. Germain tolls, and Raoul jumps out of the window into the thick of the massacre. Act V begins with a Huguenot ball, for the sake of another ballet, broken up by the entrance of Raoul with the news of the massacre; the scene then changes to the streets and the massacre in full swing. Valentine and Raoul, being now free to marry, are united with Gretna Green rites by the old Huguenot soldier Marcel, only to be shot down immediately by the Catholics; finally Queen Marguerite appears, to finish off the opera like one of Gluck's classical goddesses. The ball scene is often cut, and the 'marriage' becomes a little tedious, so that this act is liable to fall flat; Scribe seems to have expected visions of angels and other stage effects which most theatres find themselves unable to contrive and which in any case most audiences would by that time be too much exhausted to enjoy.

London saw 'Les Huguenots' first in German (1842), and later in French (1845); it was produced in Italian at Covent Garden in 1848, by command of Queen Victoria, though the Italian singers protested vehemently, calling it

musique chinoise. The reason was that none of them could sing at sight, and Meyerbeer's music demanded sound musicianship. Its success was enormous, thanks to Pauline Viardot's interpretation of Valentine. Grisi was bitterly jealous of her; she managed to learn the part eventually, modelling herself on her rival, but Fidès in 'Le Prophète' (1849), Mme. Viardot's greatest role, was always completely beyond her. Meyerbeer's operas brought about a new standard of scenic production at Covent Garden; but the management was very soon ruined. The last performance (again in Italian) at Covent Garden was in 1927; the last in Paris in 1936.

The German romantics disliked Meyerbeer because he was fundamentally classical in spirit and had no interest in their parochial 'folkiness'. Like Handel and Mozart he turned towards Italy, but he is not to be dismissed as an imitator of Rossini, even in his early days; he was a year older than Rossini and in every way far better educated. Meyerbeer is German in the solidity and scrupulous accuracy of his craftsmanship; he never dashed off operas in a hurry like the Italians. Modern taste finds them ostentatious and over-decorated, but that is the style of his period and of Paris; sensibility and intimacy of expression would have been utterly out of place. As eclectic as Handel, he yet has a personal style of his own, and it can be clearly traced even in such early works as 'Emma di Resburgo' and 'Margherita d'Anjou' (1820). It is most obvious in his march music; the Coronation March and Schiller March, familiar to all English organists, show very original and ingenious metrical schemes. His vocal melodies are much broader and more carefully balanced than Rossini's; here he shows the strong classical influence of Cherubini.

It is most unjust to dismiss Meyerbeer's music as cheap and tawdry, though it may easily sound so in slovenly performance. The utter shamelessness of Rossini's 'Tancredi' and 'Semiramide' was completely foreign to Meyerbeer's fundamentally German and Jewish integrity. If he composed for the wealthy, he certainly supplied them with superb materials and craftsmanship. That is one reason why we must hear his operas in French, or at least in English; in Italian they become untidy and in German clumsy and rough. Meyerbeer needs mathematical precision in every detail; his vocal parts require the perfect articulation and accurate timing of the best French wind-players, not only in the principal parts but from every singer on the stage. Romantic emotionalism is useless; Meyerbeer demands the same courtliness and dignity as Lully.

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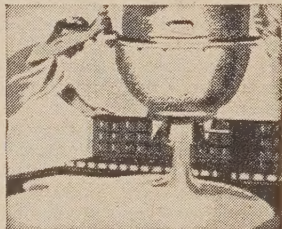
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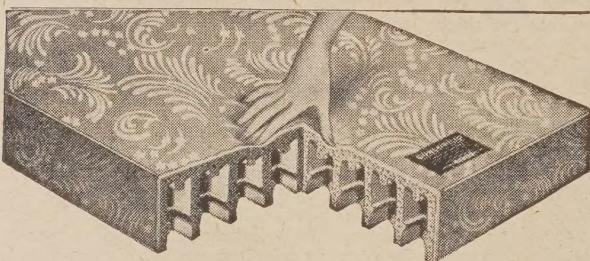


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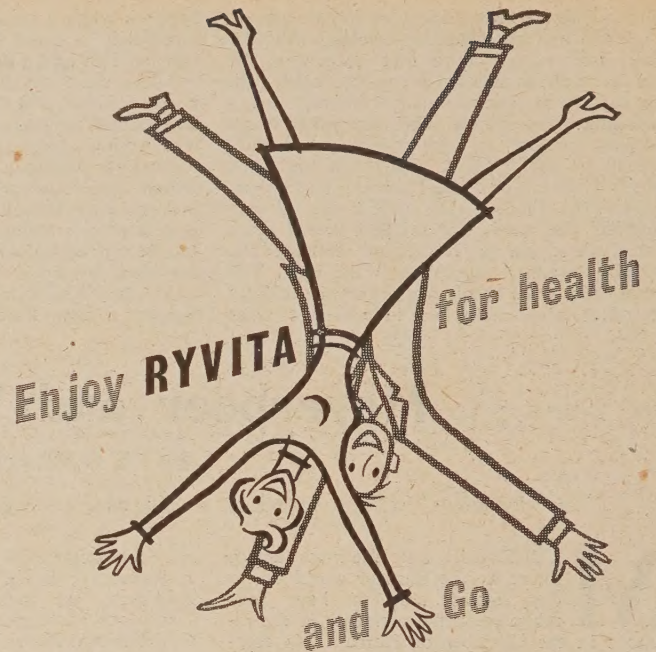


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- 1 1/2 lb. of cooked potatoes
- 1 oz. of margarine
- 2 teaspoons of milk
- Yolks of 2 eggs
- Pepper and salt

Sieve the potatoes. Put the margarine and milk in a saucepan. When hot add the potatoes, yolks of eggs, and seasoning. Stir over the fire until the potatoes are hot.

Now for the sausage rolls:

- Potato paste
- 1 lb. of sausages
- 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley
- Paprika

Fry or grill sausages. Divide them into twelve portions. Divide the paste into twelve portions and press each into a square shape with a knife. Put a portion of sausage on each. Roll into cork shapes. Sprinkle with parsley and paprika. Coat with egg and breadcrumbs. You can use the left-over white of egg very slightly beaten. Fry in deep fat and garnish with bacon.

ANN HARDY

RENOVATING LINOLEUM

What can we do with old, worn, and shabby linoleum? We want to brighten it up and make it last another year, at any rate. First, then, patching. With the majority of linoleums, whether they are printed or inlaid, it is impossible to match the pattern if the linoleum is some years old. You might manage it with some of the parquets or jaspes, but generally—no. You can sometimes get over the difficulty by taking a piece for patching from under the bed, or the wardrobe, or the piano, or the sideboard, replacing it with a piece of another pattern. Otherwise, you will have to use any old

pattern for the patch and then give all the linoleum a covering with lino-paint.

Cut the patch so that it is big enough to cover the worn place and extend well over on to sound linoleum. Tack it down where it is to go, with one nail at each corner. Now, take a knife: one of those shoemaker's knives is as good as anything, and they cost about eighteen pence. It must be really sharp. You can make your own sharpening board by gluing a strip of fine emery cloth on to a bit of flat wood. A few strokes on that now and then will produce a keen edge. Cut all round the edges of the patch, right through to the floor boards, and lift out the patch and the old linoleum in one piece. Separate them, and your patch will fit exactly. Nail it down with headless lino-brads. They are very cheap and they are practically invisible.

I find that a lot of people do not believe in lino-paint. I am told that there is not enough choice of colour, that the paints take too long to dry hard, and that they do not wear. I flatly disagree with all these criticisms. Colours: you can get up to sixteen clear, clean colours in lino-paint, and as they are intermixable, you can mix any shade you want. As for drying, half the time they do not get the chance to dry. They are used straight out of the tin on to a surface covered in old floor-polish.

To apply the paint successfully, wash off every trace of old polish and dirt. Get the pores open. Now thin out the paint for the first coat: I use fifty per cent. turpentine substitute and fifty per cent. paint. Brush this well into the linoleum and it will penetrate the surface and get a real grip. You will not be pleased with the look of this first coat, but the second coat will grip it just as the first coat gripped the linoleum, and it will dry quickly and dry hard, with a bright gloss. This second coat can be put on straight from the tin, but if it seems a bit thick give it just a little turpentine, well stirred in.

Finally, the question of wear. After all, it is only a paint, and you cannot walk over paint while wearing outdoor shoes for very long without it wearing. So protect the floor where the greatest wear occurs with a rug or mat or two.

W. P. MATTHEW

Notes on Contributors

- MAURICE EDELMAN (page 658): journalist; M.P. (Labour) for Coventry North since 1950 and for Coventry West, 1945-50; delegate to Consultative Assembly of Council of Europe, 1949, 1950, and 1951; war correspondent in France and North Africa; author of *France: The Birth of the Fourth Republic, How Russia Prepared*, etc.
- RT. HON. ARTHUR CREECH JONES (page 663): Secretary of State for the Colonies; 1946-50; M.P. (Labour) for the Shipley Division of Yorkshire, 1935-50
- A. G. SHEPPARD-FIDLER, F.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I. (page 666): City Architect of Birmingham; formerly architect to the Land Settlement Association and to the Crawley New Town Development Association
- SETON LLOYD, O.B.E., F.S.A., A.R.I.B.A. (page 669): Director of the British Institute of Archaeology, Ankara; during 1951 directed excavations of the Sin-temple of Harran in collaboration with the Turkish Antiquities Department; author of *Foundations in the Dust, Twin Rivers*, etc.
- M. G. KENDALL (page 671): Professor of Statistics, London School of Economics; author of *An Introduction to the Theory of Statistics* (with G. Udny Yule), *The Advanced Theory of Statistics*, etc.
- FRANÇOIS DUCHÊNE (page 677): a leader-writer on the staff of *The Manchester Guardian*

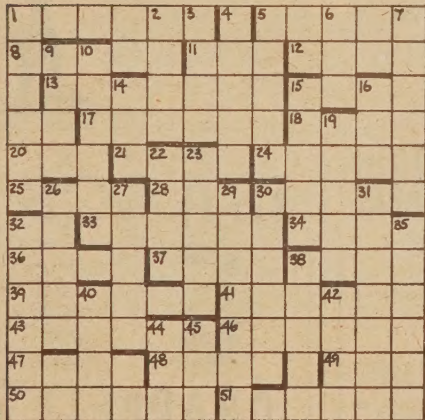
Crossword No. 1,147.

Once Removed.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, May 1



Each clue leads to an intermediary word, which is associated more or less completely with the word in the diagram. For instance, the clue 'Turn out of the Exchange' would lead to the intermediary word HAMMER; the word to be inserted in the diagram might be TONGS or SICKLE or YELLOW. The number in brackets after each clue is the number of letters required in the diagram.

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1. Backing both ways (6). 5. Brewing equipment? Quite the reverse (5). 8. Evocal (5). 11. Small Scottish island. As small as that? (3). 12. Say yes or no (4). 13. Mineral not opaque nor in the middle, found in the Mediterranean (7). 15. A Greek (4). 17. With sixteen like this you could fill a couple of pipes (6). 18. Not quite from the egg; that's certain. From the ox? From the sheep? That's super! (4). 20. Done up when in, not quite if but (3). 21. Zoologically dropped with a handkerchief (4). 24. Generally supposed to make a small report, as in a fish-trap (5). 25. To give the bird (4). 28B. Exhausted when down and out (3). 30. The appearance of this fruit will cause a general outcry (5). 33. Carve clean (6). 34. Two books about royalty (4). 36. Electrical unit sounds rather like a chicken-larm (4). 37. A novel method of division (4). 38. Feed a backward lady at a round table (4). 39. You pay extra to sit here, strangely enough (4, 2). 41. Long runs for leg-shows? (6). 43. J. W. Wells kept an exceedingly small one (6). 46. It isn't often one meets a woman who hits the nail on the head like this (6). 47. You're bound to be right if you get a popular expert to join the directors (4). 48. Classical heroine had her meal *en fête* (4). 49B. Half see out of doors (3). 50B. Has brought auction to a fine art? (6). 51. Plays 'Thanks for the Memory' on a trumpet? (6).

DOWN

- 1. Popularly beat about the head (6). 2U. D-scribes a man who won't arrive yet, if at all (4). 3. Bellis perennis age, respond! (4). 4. American annoyed (5). 5. These show signs of going up (5). 6. Flower-girl, sea-bedewed (3).

- 7. Destination unloved of Jacobean horses (7). 9U. Often lit up when written down (4). 10U. Romano-British port (6). 14. Being a heathen, I'm reincarnated in a blue-bottle maggot (3). 15. Soot air-borne (generally speaking) (5). 16. Drink to a saint (3). 19. There you are, if you like your heroine discomposed (5). 22U. This remark does not please the sort of gentlemen to whom it is addressed (4). 23. Playwright asks whether the lady's corpse (5). 26U. Miss Cap (5). 27. No run at all for bad play (5). 29. Sounds like a prank in Italy. Is that fanciful? (7). 30. Dickensian character on seven (6). 31. Fussy detail (7). 32U. Spare parts proverbially inherited (6). 35. Virtuous with languors? (6). 38. They are canonised in Cumberland. (The sting is in the tail) (5). 40U. A thousand unite in the dance (4). 42. Fought once at Flodden, often at Kennington (4). 44U. It's gear that a man's legs are encased in (3). 45U. A legal instrument, whichever way you look at it (3).

Solution of No. 1,145

M	U	H	R	S	A	L	L	A	S	T	
E	T	E	R	N	A	L	E	S	Q	C	H
L	A	N	Y	A	R	O	I	N	U	R	E
I	N	H	S	K	I	M	P	I	A	E	R
O	A	N	E	D	O	C	A	T	E	E	
O	P	P	O	S	E	N	A	I	N	V	
T	A	H	W	F	E	A	C	A	C	I	A
A	T	A	R	A	X	Y	E	M	B	E	R
O	T	R	B	R	A	T	E	R	E	A	B
R	E	A	L	M	G	R	A	N	D	E	E
N	O	U	E	I	N	T	R	E	A	T	
A	S	H	Y	R	O	E	E	V	N	M	Y

- Prizewinners:
- 1st prize: E. W. Cumbers (Rochdale);
- 2nd prize: E. C. Hunt (Gt. Yarmouth);
- 3rd prize: B. Barker (Oswestry)

NOTES

- Across: 1. MUHR (PORK). 13. SOCH (GIBE). 23. NINIV (SCOT). 25. TAHW (WEAR). 38. TNOU (LENO). 42. VNMV (TOKO).
- Down: 6. ALDMGN (EPODES). 27. EXAGIO (HEXADS).
- The key-word is HEXAGYNOUS.

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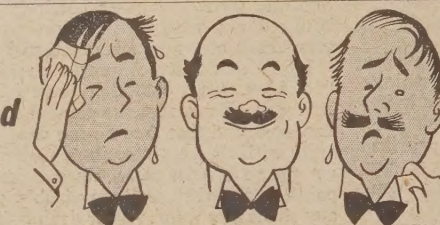
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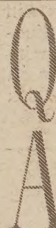


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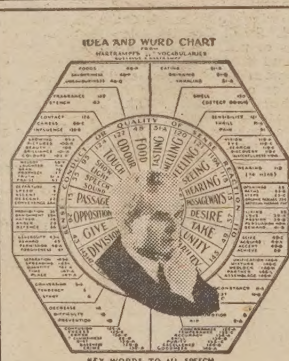


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